PSYCHE
Debauch'd,
A
COMEDY,
As it was Acted at the
Theatre-ROYAL

By *T. D.*

LONDON,
Printed for *John Smith* in *Great Queen-street*, 1678.

The Actors Names.

King Andrew, — *Mrs:* Corbett.

Nicholas, Phillip, { *Princes in love with* None-so-fair, } *Mrs.* Knep. / *Mr.* Charleton.

Brúine, *the White Bear of* Norwich, — *Mr.* Harris.

Apollo, *A Wiſhing-Chair*, — *Mr.* Lyddall.

Jeffrey, *Bruines Man*, — *Mr.* Coyſh.

Coſtard, *A Country-man*, — *Mr.* Poell.

Juſtice Crabb, (*For the God* Mars,) — *Mr. Wiltſhire.*

Tag-rag, Brazen-noſe, Tatter'd-hoe, Bullbarrow, Shrubs-hall, } *Common Priſoners.*

Wou'dhamore, Sweetlips, None-ſo fair, { K. Andrew's 3 Daughters, } *Mrs.* Rutter. / *Mrs.* ——— / *Mr.* Haynes.

Redſtreak, *Coſtard's Wife*, — *Mr.* Cory.

Twattle, Glozy, { *Ladies attending on* None-ſo-fair.

Wooſſat, [*repreſenting* Venus,] — *Mr.* Clarke.

Prieſts, Masquers, *&c.*

The

PROLOGUE.

NOw Fancy's up; leſt waiting palls the jeſt;
Pſyche the ſecond's coming half undreſt:
But in that Garb you like fine Women beſt.
Let our Rich Neighbours mock our Farce; we know
(Already, th'utmoſt) of their Puppet-ſhow.
Since they'gainſt Nature go, they Heav'n offend,
If Natures purpoſe then croſs Natures end;
Unnat'ral Nature is not Natures Friend.

[—There's Nature for you.

As Æſop's Cat dreſſed in a Nymph's diſguiſe,
Their gaudy Triſle may at firſt ſurprize;
None but the (Dirty-rout) will like it twice:
A well dreſt Frollick once may pleaſe the eye;
But Plays (like Women,) can't ſo ſatisfie.
Ye masked Nymphs can tell, there's ſomthing in ye,
Beſides a painted face that gets the penny:
Yet all the Fame you give'em, we'l allow
To their beſt Plays, and their beſt Actors too.
That is, the Painter, Carpenter, and ſhow
Beaumont, and Fletcher, Poet, and Devow.
But Sirs, free harmleſs Mirth you here condemn,
And Clap at down-right Baudery in them.
In Epſom-Wells, for example——
Are they not ſtill for puſhing Nature on,
Till Natures feat thus in your ſight is done.
Oh Lord!——
Take off their Pſyches borrow'd plumes awhile,
Hopkins and Sternhold riſe, and claim your ſtyle;
Dread Kings of Brentford! leave Lardellas Herſe,
Pſyches deſpairing Lovers ſteal your verſe:
And let Apollo's Prieſt reſtore again
What from the nobler Mamamouchy's ta'n.

Let

The Prologue.

Let 'em reſtore your Treble prices too,
To ſee how ſtrangely ſtill they bubble you,
It makes me bluſh; and that I ſeldom do.
Now Pſyche's *ſtrip'd from all her gay attire,*
TE DE POLIKAGATHOI, Behold the Fire!

But Oh! a long Farewell to all this ſort,
Which Muſick Scenes, nor Preface can ſupport.
Yet you admire it, make 'em thankful for't:
Alaſs their Charge was great, and you muſt pay't.
If they ſhould purchaſe at a curſed Rate,
The New-come Elephant, *and ſhew't in State;*
Get him a Room with Pomp and Lux'ry dreſt,
Would you pay Crowns a piece to ſee the Beaſt?
Show ſome of your good Natures here kind Sirs;
If our Conceit leſs proud or gay appears,
She's leſs expenſive, and more brisk then theirs.

THE

THE Mock OPERA.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Enter *None-so-fair*, *Twattle* and *Glozy*.

Non. O *Glazy*! What a crumptious place is here?
Where none can see one play with ones none Dear.
Under each bush kind Sun doth warm;
Here one may kiss, and laugh, and think no harm:
For Countrey Love has neither joyes nor fears,
And Bushes break no Trust, though Walls have dars:
Gloz. No Misse *None-so-fair*, they are not of *Catelian* mind.
Man hunts not here for man kindy
Wyer on Hare not man prevails,
Nor are men caught with Pipe like Quails,
No salt is here thrown on their Tails.
Tw. No Gossip *Glozy*,
You may here sing *Hey down* with every Clown,
And none will disturbe ye,
As at *London* lewd Town.
Poor Rusticks cannot cheat, nor lye, nor swear;
Incroach on Neighbours spot of ground,
Or put dumb Creature into Pound
No *Covent-Garden* Tricks are practis'd here.
None. Ah! Gammer *Twattle*, Ah my poor Lady,
I wish I were no Princes born:
But some poor Shepheardess Forlorn,
To sleep all day on Mowes of Hay or Corn.

How green's the Grass? how Fine's the Tree?
How luscious is the Black-berry?
Glozy. But Oh! How sweet's the Company?
Twat. The Company. —
Non. That — That; Oh goody *Glozy*, Oh Gammer *Twat*.
I'le ne're go home again that's Flat.
Maids are not here confin'd to Rule,
As at your Wholesom Boarding Schools.
Gloz. How silly is the Show and Pomp,
That's practis'd there by every Romp;
First Mock-Wedding's to be seen,
Twat. And then with great Din, comes Mock-lying In.
Mistress of School, must be Midwife, Old Fool;
Mammy, and Dad, and Nurse must be had;
And Cradle and Ladle, and Fiddle-come-faddle,
You'd think 'em all Mad.
Non. When Gossips are come, and fill up the Room;
Glass goes about, till Girles crye out, A ha, a, ah ha.
Gloz. Drink goes down, Midwife, Run, Sport's begun, all undone.
Hold her back, or 'twill crack, by my sack.
Twat. Alack, alack, — Caraways, run *Jack*, Ah, a, a, ha.
Non. Then she must whine for the Burnt Wine;
Stools, Tools and Fools flye about;
And at last comes out great Baby of Clout;
Then Christning comes, and Sugar Plums,
And Mistress Tipling like old Crony:
Gives dainty words as sweet as hony,
And all to gets poor Childrens Mony.
Gloz. Each strives to be in Mistres's Books,
Though Purse of Parents bleed, Gadzooks.
Twat. And when e're they do play Truant,
If she'l say she never knew on't,
They do not care one souse, 'gad knows,
How silly Beldams led by th' Nose.
Non. And then Forsooth we must have Shooes:
Gods, Divels, and Goddesses,
Swayns, Satyrs, and Shepherdesses,
Sauc't in dull Rime, and serv'd in several Messes,

Yet

Gloz. Yet glittering Scenes, and Golden Dreſſes,
Won't make amends for doggrel Verſes.
Non. No, not even there where Dance and Song,
Supported by the Mighty, and the Young,
Though practiſed ne'r ſo often, ne'r ſo long,
Though ne'r ſo much impoſed upon the Town,
Their own flat ſtuffs wrought up to pull them down,
As a great Owl, which on bare ſtump bawls,
Swell'd with the whooping Muſick of his Throat,
Down to the wrath of Larks and Linnets falls.
So boaſting Scribblers on their Labours doat;
But all their ſwelling Hopes and Huffs,
Critick out, like Candle puffs:
And then they ſmoak, and ſtinck like Snuffs;
So School-Girls that have in the morn
Been Cock a Hoop, and rul'd the Roaſt,
E're Noon ev'n like an over-ſoak'd Toaſt,
Sinck to the bottom of the Pot of ſcorn:
Theſe woaful Chances I have lately ſeen,
And ne'r will go to School agen,
No not to be a Queen.
Twattle. Oh None-ſo-fair; ſweet *Miſs!*
You need not have run from your good Father, I wis;
For Prince *Phillip*, or Prince *Nicholas*, if you had but ſaid the word, would have marri'd you while one can ſay what's this?
How ſay by that?——
Gloz.——Well rim'd goody *Twat.*
Not a Prince in the ſtreet, but was ſo loving
He'd a kiſſed your Elbow to bake in your Oven;
So ſays ev'ry one that knows thee.
Twat. Well ſaid goody *Glozy*:
Though the Coif of your heart were dry enough, God wot,
You would not let it be ſmooth'd, while loves Iron was hot;
When loves ſtrong Charms your ſmoothing-board inirons,
You laugh to ſee poor Princes ſhake their Irons.
Non. Not Sugar-cakes, nor Ginger-bread,
Me from this Countrey life ſhall lead;
The live long day about the Fields we ſaunter,
Sloes, Black-berries, and Hawes we ne'r ſhall want here.

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At night we'll go a Gooding,
For Bacon, and Kale, and nappy Ale,
Stout Beef, and figged Pudding.

Gloz. *Ah!* but sweet Lady, we want the Ready,——
And we can't fill our Guts, if we buy not,

Twat. *Oh!* but Lady *None-so-fair*, look ye, d'e see, *Glozy* will make them come, and bring it to us with a why not:

Non. What style Gammor *Glazy*, I mar'l what a dickens
Don't all the Fields grow full of Hens and Chickens?
Don't Birds grow upon Trees like Pears, what would she desire?
Don't Pyes grow in a little Brick-house close by the Fire?

Twat. And sometimes *Missy*, we'l trudge a nutting.

Non. Faith, Gammor *Twattle* that was we'll put in:

She Sings.

Then the Nymphs *and the* Swains
Shall trip it o're the Plains,
And crown me with Garlands of Roses,
And marry me with a Rush ring.
Then how we will firck it, caper, and jerk it, } *sing and*
Under the green Wood Tree. } *dance.*

Gloz. Very right——*Oh* sweet *None-so-fair!*
None-so. Princes have no such joys as these,
When they sit down to Pork and Pease:
What Crowding's this my ears do pull?
With which the empty Air is full. } *Musick is heard.*

Twat. *Oh!* Gads-lidikins now I know,
This is *May-day* in the morning, ho.

Non. *Oh!* is it so, then let's go straight away,
For I'le be Lady of *May*. *exeunt all.*

Enter Costard *and* Redstreak.

Redstr. *O ho! O ho!* *Costard*, who dost thou think is come hither——now?——

Costard——Who, who, vor the mercies sake.

Redstr——Guess *Costard*, guess.

Costard——Gammar Bunch the Carret-Woman.

Redstr. Noa, noa, noa.

Cost. *Cicely Puntrinkets* the Tripe-Wife.

Red. Pillaw waw; who but Princess *Nonesofair* our Landlord King *Andrews* youngest Daughter—— *Cost.*

Coſt. Then have mercy on us, we ſhall ſee bad times; For I believe ſhe's run away from School.

Redſt. *Twittle Twattle*, what if ſhe be? what have we to do With ſtate buſineſs——perhaps ſhe's run away *Incognito* with her Fathers conſent——

Coſt. Now ſhe's here, the ſhort and the long on't is, we muſt chuſe Her Lady of *May*.——

Red. Yes by my Fay,——And we'l have a Maſque, and *Crouder* ſhall be *Pan*, and he muſt ſing in reſitantivy; Great *Pſyche* go dreſs up the ſilly Rogues, And then Piper ſhall be *Chorus*, and he ſhall ſing: Now *Pan* with his fooling has made a fair hand.

Then there muſt be Symphonie.

Coſt. ſhan't I be Symphonie, *Redſtreak*?

Red. Hold thy tongue, Wilta? Lord to bleſs us; what rowly powly, all fellows at Foot-ball? The *Symphony*; No, *Symphony* muſt be a woundy cranck, ſhott, tall, ſquat vellow with ruſty Muſick; and he muſt cry like a Bird: and then we muſt have An Eccho——

Coſt. *Oh!* there's an Eccho down at hollow Banck I'le call it Preſently.——

Redſtr. No no, we'l make an Eccho of our own.

Coſt. How? prythee *Redſtreak* how;

Redſtr. Why look thee: One muſt be Voice, and another muſt be Air, and another muſt be Rock; then voice muſt talk Soundly to Air, and beat her againſt Rock; and Rock muſt Beat her back again; and then Air muſt cry out, and ſcold With Voice, and that's Eccho——Let me alone for Plot; If you will but work up the Senſe and Paſſion, as they ſay; Go, and let every Mothers Child about it, and I'le entertain Princeſs *None-ſo-fair* the while.——Yonder ſhe comes.

exit Coſtard.

Enter None-ſo-fair, Twattle *and* Glozy.

Non. Gemmar *Redſtreak*, I make bold.

Red. So I am told. Sweet Princeſs *None-ſo-fair*. Bring in Wickar-chair, *Twattle* and *Glozy*; Cheeks ſhall be roſy.

For

For I have good Fuddle,
Twat.—Mum Ducks in the puddle, (our heads-ake,
Gloz.—Gad-ſpeed, Gammar *Redſtreak.* We'l drink, till
Twat.—And we'l have ſome Chat,
Red.—Marry why not?
Non.—What Crouding's this I hear,
prepare.
Red. An entertainment which our head Hinds do for you prepare.
Twat. ſhe fibs, they do't once a year, whether your at home or here.
Red. O Dear! 'tis for the nonce by Cocks bones.
Non. Well, well, be quiet, I ſay be quiet twice and once.

Enter a Countrey Crouder, *followed by a Milk-maid with her Payl dreſſed up as on* May-day.—*After them a company of Morris-dancers, a Sylvan, and a* Dryad——

Red. A Masque ſo pleaſe your Worſhip *Madam*; Their Garments ſhould be better, if we had e'm. *Pan* come ſing, God *Pan, Chorus! Oh Symphony!* where's Your ruſty Muſick; ſo, ſo, 'tis well; what are You?
Syl. I am a *Sylvan*—Dry. And I am a Dryad Dame.
Red. Come Cheer up.——

Pan ſings.

Great Noneſofair King Andrews *Daughter dear,*
Whom we do worſhip, but our Dame doth fear;
For why? you come to eat up our good Chear.
Here's Cake, Bread, and Pruin,
And eke more are ſtewing.
Then pray now be doing.

Chorus.

And Ciſly, *and* Dolly *ſhall trip it around,*
And None-ſo-fair *ſhall have a dainty green Gown.*

Sing Damzels, Sing, and jolly Lads Sing loud,
When Swains be blith, the Nimphs ſhould not be proud,
But foot it featly after every Croud.
And when you are weary,
Lye down and be merry,
Till cheek's red as Cherry.

Chorus

Chorus.

{Croudero, *and Piper ſhall ſing and ſhall play,*
{*And* Noneſofair *ſhall be the Lady of* May.

A Dance of Morris-Dancers, Milk-maid. &c.

Red. So, ſo, well done, well done all; *Ha, ha, ha*, it makes my heart leap in my Belly for joy—homely Countrey ſport, Now could I weep for pure hearts eaſe, to ſee how towardly they are; and how my good man *Coſtard* looks ſo ſprunt I warrant ye. *Chorus, Symphonie, Pan*; ſtand to your Fittles, can you be merry ſweet Princeſs? Eccho; where's Eccho, Rock, Ayr, Voice? *Oh dull, dull!*

Non. Fret not thy ſelf ſweet *Redſtreak*.

Red. Oh Lord your Worſhip,—a pax take ye;
Come, or I'le fetch you in with a Hedge-ſtake,
For Courteſie you have no Peer.

Nonſy. Methinks 'tis moſt ſerene and clear.

Red. Serene and clear, that I'le remember I warrant ye:
Then if that you do pleaſe to ſit,
Old Nick take you, for a Company of lazy patches.
We have more ſport to ſhow you yet?
Voice, Ayr, Rock, do'e hear
Hold up your heads, and do't moſt ſerene and clear.

{Voice ſings and beats Ayr againſt Rock—Rock beats her back again, and makes her cry out like an Eccho.}

Song.

Voice. *How do Maids cry, when they loſe what they value ſo dear.*
Rock.—*What they value ſo dear,*
Ayr.——*O dear!*
Voice.—*And then the poor Fellow does ſigh like a Laſs,*
Rock——*O does ſigh like a Laſs,*
Ayr.——*a Laſs.*
Voice.—*Beauties like meadows are mow'd, and they paſs.*
Ayr.——*does are mow'd, and they paſs,*
Rock.——*They paſs.*

Voice.

Voice.——*Then what have they left for to offer at here?*
Ayr.——*for to offer at here?*
Rock.——*at here.*

Chorus of All.

Dayzy Roots do mar the growth,
And Marjorum is good for Broath.
But Beef, 'tis makes us lusty,
I love thee Sue, I'le take my Oath.
Then why art thou so crusty?
Thou shalt have Eggs and Clary,
Faddle Fiddle,
Hey down Diddle,
Faith let's be merry.

Exeunt all the Dancers singing.

Red. It may be sweet Princes, You like not this Solemn Musick, *Faddle Fiddle, hey down Diddle.* — I value not my self upon the Wit, but the fitness of the words; for Air and Melody.

Faddle Fiddle hey down Diddle,
Faith let's be merry.

I have skill though I say't, that shud'nt, as they say for the *Jews* Trump-Citizen, and Trump-Marine, I'le turn my back to none, though some have been bred up many years to't; I my self chalk'd out the way to the Tune-Maker; I know I have many Foes, that say I make not what I own, but mum for that: This Rare *Opera* is all mine I'le swear; but for the Dress and Trim, give the Divel his due, I am beholding to the most Serene and clear Monsieur *Stephen*, the Kings Corn-cutter, and so you are all, for he put me upon't.

Now if that you I walk in to close up all,
We'l have a most Serene and clear Rank Ball.

Exit Redstreak.

Nem. Oh happy silly life, what sports are here?
Noise without noise, grief without care;
Joys without joyes, and frights without fear,

Er

E'r all the World, me from this life shall hall;
I'l cry, lie down in ground, and kick and sprawl.

Enter Ambition, *an Aldermans Wife*; Power, *Schoolmistress*, Plenty *an Ale Wife*, *and* Peace *a Zealot.*

Plen. See where she is, Oh! Missy y'are a Fine Princess to run away from your Friends so. —

Pow. You put your Father, King *Andrew* into a fine twitter twatter.

Amb. I come to fetch you from this life of Beast,
To grand Solemnity of City Feast;
Leave smoaky Cot, and Cake-bread tough,
There's Custards hot, and Fools enough:
Leave Tib and Tom, for good House-holder,
There's Capon fat, and Mutton shoulder.
Leave Eldern whistle, Gut of Cats,
For City Horn-pipe and Waits;
By me ev'n Mrs. *Steward* you shall sit,
Whose Lilly hand carves every bit.
And tells the price to show housewifely Wit,
Lump shall be carri'd home too in Kerchief Wallet;
Or else it shall go hard infaith la, shall se't,
By me to noble thoughts you shall be brought,
And all the Arts of City Madam taught.
Locket on Arm, Ring on Finger,
Of Bobs too, in each ear a Clinger;
With fingers end, or Diamond Ring to play,
And cry, Oh! Lord when you have nought to say:
Finely to stretch, or show the pouting lip,
I'le teach you when to cry foro'th, or sip;
I'le teach you how to filtch and spend,
Dull Husbands muck on courtly Friend;
Yet with grave mouth to rail at th' other end.
Of this wild Town. ———
Leave boars with limbs, more stiff and hard then Oak,
And think of ruling sparks in Camlet Cloak;
Fresh Sweet-hearts every day new love shall swear:
And in all junckets, who but *None-so-fair.*

Come, come, wed rich retailing Prince; be Great,
Sit finely dreſt in Shop, ſerve God, and cheat.
Pow. I from your ſilly life do you invite,
I, whoſe dread Scepter every child does fright;
Preſents, and Faſting dayes are my delight.
If *None-ſo-fair* will back to School with me,
None of my Girls ſhall eat ſo much as ſhe;
And ſo that I may get the Pence,
With any 'Prentice, Lord, or Footman Prince,
I'le give her leave to run away from thence.
Plenty. Is this a place for *None-ſo-fair.*
As ſtately Painted Ale-houſe is fitter farr,
Come, go with me, and keep my ſplendid Barr.
Princeſs, thou ſhalt Govern there,
Luxurious Ale, and double Beer.
Thy heart in precious Brandy thou ſhalt ſoak,
In clouds of ſtrong Mundungus ſmoak;
Hid like a Goddeſs thou ſhalt lye,
Till thou art comely, Plump, and fair as I;
With eaſe, Fat Bub, and Virtuous Luxury.
Peace. And I, that thy delights may never ceaſe,
Will ſteel thy ſoul with an audacious peace.
And lift up every ſence,
With zealous Impudence:
When envious People rail, thou ſhalt reply,
The Saints have ſuffered ſtill, and ſo muſt I.
Let vicious Innocence be all thy care,
Such peace becomes chaſt wanton *None-ſo-fair.*
Nonſy. Bleſt are the Rich, and Happy, eke are thoſe
That never ſaw Lord-Mayors Puppet Shows;
Nor like clean Beaſts ſtood chewing cribs,
Till Coat was burnt from Rump with Squibs,
Ambition ne'r ſhall ſtick to my ribs.
Power, in vain you huff and brag;
Since I have given School the bag,
Catch me there again, and cut off my leg.
Plenty has told a tempting tale,
But in the mind I am I'le drink no Ale.

Peace

Peace notably has ſpoak, but pains muſt looſe;
Girls know more now e'r they can tye their ſhooes.
You have your anſwers,
And may be gone Sirs.
Plenty—How ſay by that?
Power—She knows not what for her ſelf is good:
Therefore let's force her up between Dorſers,
And carry her home in ſpight of her blood a.
Come Mrs. *Minx*.
Nonſy—I won't goodly ſtincks,
Amb. I Faith, but you ſhall a.
Non—I defie you all, a Grandjurie of Furies.
Oh Mrs. Ambition, pity my Condition.
Power. Oh Power, let me ſtay but one hour.
Gammar *Plenty* I'le Saint ye ſweet face goody Peace,
Pity my caſe, Furies, Divels, Plagues; Baſtard, help *Redſtreak*.
Help *Coſtard*; Oh here's Prince *Nicky* I Faith He'll lick ye.

Enter Prince Niclas *and* Amb. Pow. Plent. *and* Peace run off.

Nick. Since Queans are gone that came eftſoons to humble ye,
Oh let me now anon hear my laſt Doom moſt humbly.
Nons. The firſt requeſt I did command,
Was, that you ſhould not hunt me out:
The next requeſt you underſtand,
Will make you hang your ears, and pout.
My peace you here come for to break,
After my back, why ſhould you ſneak?
Nick.—Cows that do fill our Guts can't long be hid,
Though Mice run into holes, none ſee,
When they have eat our Bread and Cheeſe,
And ſtinck moſt baſely when they'r dead.
Sweet Cow you hide your Teats in vain,
Though your full Udder fills anothers pan,
Give me ſome ſtroakings to eaſe my pain.
Non. Prince *Nick* buckle of girdle turn,
For Milk of mine you ne'r ſhall churn
(Without's my skin, but mind's within,
Though you my hand may find, you cannot reach my mind.

Nick. Will You on you take juſt ſuch blame,
As *Ciſs* did lay upon her Dame;
Make faults to punniſh them. Oh ſie for ſhame!
If Dame ſhould give her Fiſh to fry,
She muſt give Butter by and by.
Let *Ciſs* without Butter do what ſhe can,
If ſhe no Butter has, ſhe burns the Pan:
Butter to ſave, ſhe does Dame offend,
Who gave her Butter then to no end.
Ciſſes unbutter'd things may get her kicks,
For all her Maggots and her drop-nos'd tricks.
Butter can't err, *Ciſs* out o'th'way may turn:
Though *Ciſs* may fret, yet Butter cannot burn.

Non. Butter good Dames have ſtill allow'd enough,
But Maids turn Butter into Kitchin-ſtuff:
So when they ſaw their Butter thrown away,
They put their Butter under lock and key.

Nick.—If Dames Engine by *Ciſs* muſt govern'd be,
And Butter ſpent—For what a Devil ſerves ſhe?
Muſt Maids dry Chops be butter'd, they'l ne'r keep touch,
Though they are ayl'd with Butter ne'r ſo much.
Oh *None-ſo-fair!* ſweet Dame I am your man,
My heart's unbutter'd burning in your Pan,
Without ſome Butter, it can never move:
Oh Butter it with Butter of your love.

Non. Againſt your ſelf ſweet Prince y'have ſaid too much,
I'le keep my Butter ſince you can't keep touch.
Go ſomewhere elſe, and make your greazy puns,
I love no butter'd Fiſh, nor butter'd buns.

Nick.—Butter, Oh ſweet Butter; eaſe my hiſſing ſmart,
And Butter *None-ſo-fairs* unbutter'd heart.

Enter Prince *Phillip.*

Nick. Prince *Phillip*, here that mighty lout,
Gad then 'tis time to look about.

Non. Oh you ſneaking Prince, what would you have had?

Phil. Oh thou little Devil! I love thee like mad:
And chill take thee at a venture hab nab.

Nick.

Nick. Fierce love full ſoon muſt die I think,
And vaniſh like abortive ſlinck.
Phil. My love's zoo bomination ſtrong,
That 'twill hold buckle and thong;
And if dozn't get thee vurder aveel,
ſhat zee' can ſtrick vyre with my ſteel.
Nick.—Gods———
Phil.—Gods—and Devils!
Thee talk'ſt of Courage, if th'haſt any,
Here be the Cudgels, let's have a veny.
Nick. I don't care much if I have one touch.

They play Cudgels.

Non. —Princeſs, hold for all your Squablin,
Cannot purchaſe my Tantablin.
Phil. Adzboars Prince *Nick*, cham yours.
If *None-zo-vair* zay do't, chill buſs thy root.
Nick.—Prince *Phillip* for fair Trollop,
Whoſe voice might bear of whelp beguile a,
Or Bread and Butter beg from Child a.
I'm thine———
Non.—The next command of mine, in brief
Is after me no more to ſniff.
Princeſs farewell, without or and if.
Nick.—So ſad are the commands that you do give,
That without meat or drink I cannot live.
Phil. Your mind that upon our veirce wrath prevails,
Can when you pleaſe, make hot or cool your nails.
exit None-ſo-fair.

Enter Woudhamore *and* Sweet-lips.

Phil. But Zee, Zee, laud to bleſs us, if here been't hur
Zuſturs now—Come Prince *Nick*, let's budge.
Sweet. Great Princeſs, whither d'ye ſneak from this place?
Wond. To *None-ſo-fair*, their Calf with a white face.

Sweet.

Sweet. I wonder what Princely virtues you can ſee in her ſaggs. Can ſhe make Butter, and Cheeſe, and Egs?

Woud. She's a Baſtard, ſome Village Hind got her under a Hedge, when our Royal Mother was overtaken at a Wake. Love us Princeſs, here's your true beauty.

Phil. There's your Anchovies. ——— [roll.

Woud. Here's a Cherubimical Face, mark how my Eyes Here's a Languiſhing look, Ah! ———

Phil. Odzboars my Stomach begins to wamble at her.

Woud. Here's a foot like a Fairy, and a leg like a Lapwing.

Phil. Look Prince *Nick*, chil wager a Groat there's zomething at the end of thick leg, —— there's your Anchovies.

Sweet. Here's your white Hounds Tooth.

Woud. Here's your Illuſtrious *Perſian* Hawk-Noſe.

Sweet. Here, here, here's your generous wide Noſtrils, you may ſee my Brains work through e'm when I'm in paſſion.

Phil. Con yo Whiſtle and Dance *Barnaby*?

Both. Ay, ay. ———

Phil. Con yo zing a new Ditty?

Both. Ay, ay, ay. ———

SONG.

God Cupid, Oh fie, O fie, Oh fie,
God Cupid Oh fie, Oh fie,
I am vexed full ſore,
Oh! thou Son of a Whore.
Take pity on me or I dye, I dye,
Take pity on me or I dye.
My face is Pale and wan,
My blood is turn'd to a jelly;
In my heart I have a great pain,
Oh! Oh! how I long for a man,
With a Sol, my, ſa, la, lang tre down derry.

Phil. Oh Prince *Nick*, ch'ad lever ha one o'th theze then a Cow, o' Ten groats. —— Con ye milk a dreelegg'd Stool?

Stool? five vive Months upon the droppings of your Nose? and lye with no body but your own Husbands?

Both. Ay, ay, any thing for Husbands.

Phil. Then give me your hands, —good buy to ye with all my heart——

Exit. Phillip.

Wond. Oh! Villanous Clown, I think we are abus'd.

Sweet. Were ever Ladies bright so us'd?
Surely there's more of honour in Prince *Nicklas:*

Wond. He looks like a Gentleman, sure he'l tickle us.

Nick. Sweet lips, and wou'd hamor you each, and both,
May keep your Princely wind to cool hot broth.
You know your Cheer, and may go chew your Cuds,
For I'le have *None-so-fair*, or lye ith' Suds,
This is my dire resolve, witness ye Gods.

Exit Nicklas.

Sweet. Rot her beauty, while the case is thus,
No *Crouder* e'r will Fiddle us.

Wond. Each day she can command a several King,
As if the Gods, to do more had nothing.
But to make Kings for her,
Oh laud, Oh lack, Oh dear.
With straying I am almost burst, hey ho;
What shall we do for all our Cake is doe,

Sweet. Well I will straight complain to Mother *Wosset.*
And she shall Snuff a Candle in her Posset;
Brick Wall her Temple does Inviron,
Back-door too is fenc'd with spikes of Iron.
Oh! Mother *Wossat*, you that can
By Cirlces dark, and deep, trappan,
The heart of any Jill or Jan.
Oh! help us to debauch this Jade,
Or her coy tricks will marr thy Trade.

Wond. No Citizen will pawn his Cloak;
No Country Squire will love one stroak,
And how can then thy Chimny smoak?
Nay, if things go on so odly,
All the Gallants will turn godly.
And then for Bub thou maist go choak.

Sweet.

Sweet. Rowſe mightily *Wooſſat*, Mantle done,
Thy hagſhip Venge, or Credits gone,
Make haſt, and let's know off, or on.

Horrid Muſick heard in the Air.

Woud. Ha! what powerful Melody appears?
And ſnacthes thus our ears?

Wooſſat appears in a Charriot drawn by two Brooms.

Sweet. The Charriot of the Goddeſs comes,
Drawn by a Brace of well grown Brooms.

Wooſſat ſings.

Fair Damzels I have heard you prate,
You ſhall have Husbands ſoon or late.
I am as mad as any Dog to find,
I'have had ſo little good of humane kind,
But there's the more behind.
I will ſo order Nonſey's *Princely louts,*
You ſhall be ſatisfi'd and leave your pouts:
With Nonſey *now is Daddy dear*
And hand in hand th'are gone to wiſhing Chair,
Good fortune for to hear.
That Rogue will very civil prove to me,
For Witch and Juggler never diſagree:
To you and me ſo kind he'l prove,
That when you feel his love,
You'l give half piece to buy him fring'd glove.

Wooſſat aſcends.

Sweet. Great Beldam, me thy hagſhip thank,
And now methinks I'm wondrous Cranck.
Woud. While young we'l to loves Altar bow;
And when w'are old be ev'n as thou.

Enter

Enter King Andrew, None-ſo-fair, Twattle, Glozy, *and Attendants.*

K. And Daughters, by the love that you do bear me,
And the duty which I owe you, hear me:
Ceaſe your brawling, and your Twittle Twattle.
At the *Roſe* let's call in, and drink a loving bottle.

Then we'l to the wiſhing chair,
If that don't eaſe your cares,
I'le give you both my Royal ears,
I think that's very fair.
None-ſo-fair's *agreed ſweet Lady,*
Will you deny poor harmleſs Daddy?
What er'you wiſh for you will have,
Elſe ſay King Andrew *is a knave.*

Non. Cheer up Siſters, why ſhould you look ſo gloomy?
What er'the wiſhing chair ſhall ſay;
The King, and That I will obey,
Elſe may this liquor ne'r go through me.
K. And. Come let's not on each other ſtare,
But hye us to the wiſhing chair:
That will ſet all right in a minut,
Or elſe I think the Devil's in it.
So ſwimmingly we'l carry matters,
All priſtine Poets that come after's,
To ſing Heroick love and ſlaughters,
ſhall write of King and his three Daughters.

Exeunt.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Wollat *and* Bruine.

Woll. SOn *Bruin* mind your hits, I say mind your hits; this young cold Harlottry *None-so-fair*, must be sous'd, and touz'd do'e mark me; she must be tumbl'd and jumbl'd; she must I say it, or else the Noble Science of Wenching will grow obsolete, and all our Famous Function may starve; for after that, who will pity poor decay'd old Gentlewomen that carry Letters? or suffer Tours, Points, Paint, or Patches, to be brought to their Chambers? And you of the Illustrious Society of Pimping, may hang if you have Courage enough to deserve it; or dye in holes like poyson'd Rats; You will be shouted through the Street, like strange Dogs with horns at their tails, pump'd and baited like Spirits that steal children; every Cuckold will have a snap at your Carkasses.

Bru. Then one comfort will be, that our miseries will be short liv'd, for those Beasts you talk of swarm so thick, that 't will be impossible to pass one Street without being worried to death. Every publick Assembly looks like a Picture of the Creation before man was made, fill'd up with variety of Creatures, that show all Horns and Tails.

Woll. 'Tis for our honour, know that I will revive the Sect of *Adamites*, renew the *Family of Love*, and make the slavery of Marriage so out of fashion, that a Man and Wife shall be show'd about, and wondred at as much as an *Hermaphrodite*, an entire *Egyptian* Mummy, or a Cat with two tails.

Bru. I know, Mother, your Interest with the Gentry is great, there is hardly a Noble Family, where one of your Order, does not lye hid under the shape of a Couzen, Housekeeper, Wayting Women, Chamber-Maid, or the like.—

Woll. That I learn't from my Brother on the other side of the water: whose Emissaries are all disguis'd, his precepts and

and mine agree in most circumstances. We had rather allow 20 Whores then one wife to those of our order; I will bring up here that old *Scotch* Custom, that every Lord of the Manour shall have the first nights dalliance with the Bodies of all his Vassals.

Bru. That will assure you the hearts of all the great Ones, and keep the others from Marriage, so your business is done.

Woss. But first let *None-so-fair*'s business be done.

Bou. I dare not; she is King *Andrews* best beloved daughter.

Woss. Were she the skin between her brows, I'denot spare her; do't or forswear thy Office.——

Bru. That I could easily do, for 'tis not now worth keeping, if there's any new piece worth Money, a Father, Brother, or some Relation, Usurps our office, and reaps the profit.

Woss. 'Tis too true, and 'tis unconscionable, that Christians should turn Canibals, and feed upon their own flesh and blood, my case is even as bad too; I that have spent my Youth to gain experience, must in my Age be Nos'd, and have my Bread taken from my Teeth, by every Black brow'd Baggage, that leaps into the publick Practice of procuring, e'r they know the mystery of jilting; nay too often learn both together.

Bru. In the City they dare not use two Trades at once; but in the Suburbs they may do any thing.——

Woss. Your Midwife, who is related to our Craft, as a Phisician is to a Mountebank; for we make work for them to finish, though we Lay six to their one, suffers none to profess their Art till they have been Deputies seven years.—— Well, things and things must be mended; but first to the point, King *Andrews* three Daughters are coming to the wishing Chair; the two elder are mad for Husbands, their business is done to our hands.——

Bru. Quite contrary; for if they Marry they'l renounce you.

Woss. No! Though ordinary people that pretend not to the modish, Marry to live sullen, that is, chast. Others know

better things; your Gentleman ſtands now as much for the priviledge of keeping a Miſs after Marriage, as a Woman with a Portion does for a Joynture: Ay! and inſerts it into that Covenant. — Make us thankful, we live in a loving Age, — but to the point — *None-ſo-fair*, by my means is reſolved to wiſh the White Bear of *Norwich* to be her Husband; thinking, which is indeed true, that there is no ſuch thing, though we have frighted ſilly people into that belief, to cheat them the better.

Bru. Oh! now I find your meaning, that White Bear I will be; and the King being poſſeſt with a Reverence to our Juggling wiſhing Chair; ſhall himſelf bring her to my Arms. —

Woſſ. Very good; but leaſt ſhe ſhould be ſtubborn, let *Jeffery* be ready to aſſiſt you in your pious deſign.

Bru. If we can but wheedle them into an awful faith.

Woſs. Why? ſhould not the ſpeech of a Chair, do as much as *Apollo*'s tripod, a Spirit in a Wall; or the eyes of Images moved with Wires: let all be Grave and Solemn, for that's the chief ſupport of Counterfeit worſhip: and let your expreſſions be in Greek, or any unpractis'd canting Gibberiſh.

Bru. Enough, I'le warrant the buſ'neſs.

Wooſ. This Muſick tells their approach, let's diſpatch and attend them in. ——

Soft Muſick.

The Scene drawn, diſcovers the wiſhing Chair.

Enter a Boy in a Surplice dancing, follow'd by two women bearing a Chaffing diſh between them, and ſmoaking Tobacco; after them comes the Chief Prieſt in a Fools-coat, his Train ſupported by two in like habit, two Prieſts in Surplices follow them; then come two Judges playing on Jewes-trumps followed by a Cardinal, playing on a Childs Fiddle; two in grave habits follow him playing on Childrens Pipes; then comes a Major beating a little Drum; after him the King leading *None-ſo-fair*. Prince *Nick* and *Sweet-lips*, *Phillip* and *Woudha*.

Woudha. attended— with Guards *&c.* They paſs round the Stage, and place themſelves on each ſide, and the Chief Prieſts before the Chair, and the two in Surplices on each ſide.

Song.

Let Maudlin *lovers that are in deſpair,*
And muſty Virgins at their lateſt Pray'r.
To be freed from their troubles, come hither.
And Widows, whoſe fires
Of unnat'rall deſires.
Have parch'd up their faces like leather.

Chorus.

We'l dry up their tears, and eaſe all their Care,
With a delicate thing called a new wiſhing chair.

Of crackling tell-tale Wicker *'tis not made,*
Which loves dear Secrets has too oft betray'd.
To this Chair ſo much Vertue is given.
That when you are in
At the turning a pin.,
You will think you are going to Heaven.
Chorus. *We'l* &c.

With offerings laden, to the chair make haſt,
Before the precious time of wiſhing's paſt.
For when once the kind Engine is falling,
You muſt bear your pain,
Till the time come again
Though you rend the moiſt Clouds with your bawling.
Chorus. *We'l dry up your tears.* &c.

The Prieſts bow, and mutter to the Chair; then turn to the People.

Song

Song.

Son of Latrona *thou great rogue,*
Here's None-so-fair *her grief to diſimbogue.*
The Jade is ſkittiſh, full of treachery
But wilful rude, and loath to try.

Chorus.

Loe here's the Fool King Andrew *too,*
Let's cheat them firmly er' they go.
Let's cheat, &c.——

Chief Prieſt.—The Sacred Chair vouchſafes that all
Upon all four ſhould to him fall.

All fall on their hands.

Chair. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoe, hoe, hoe:
Ch. P.—Your offerings are accepted, ſtand by my Cronies,
Till we have finiſhed all the Ceremonies.

Chair roars.

Ha! the myſtick Chair begins to frown,
All that have wealth, muſt lay it down.
Keep nought of Pride, or Riches near you,
Leaſt Chair in wrath to pieces tear you.

They all lay down their Money, Swords, *&c.* which the Prieſts gather up.

Song by the two Prieſts.

1. Pr. *Thou pickſt the Butchers knife out of his mouth,*
Thou robſt a poor old woman of her tooth.
2. Pr.—*Thou didſt the monſtrous Fleſh-flies to deſtroy,*
Who bred the Maggots which did Beef o're run.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Thou ſly, and bauling Theif go on with joy,
Their Money, Swords, and Hats are all our own.

A Dance by the two Prieſts.

Song.

1. Pr. *By* Germain Princeſs *that notorious cheat.*
2. Pr. By Cteſſets *memory we thee intreat,*
Thou wouldſt with noiſe, and ſhow blind all their eyes.
1. Pr. *Leaſt they our ſilly* Opera *deſpiſe,*
Chorus of both.—*Leaſt they our ſilly* Opera *deſpice.*

Chorus.

Now Crondy-mutton is come out of France,
Tom thimble has made ſhow compleat,
Jewes-Trumps, and Cymbals ſound, and let us dance,
Since Wool' is ſmall, let cry be great.

A Dance.

The Invocation.

2. *Pr.*—*James Naylor, Pope Joan, Wat. Tyler, Mall. Cutpurs, Chocorelly.*
All-Anſwer.—Help our *Opera*, becauſe 'tis very ſilly.
2. *Pr.*—*Maſſaniello, Moſely, Jack-ſtraw, Jantrediſco, Pimponelli.*
Anſ.—Help our *Opera*, becauſe 'tis very ſilly.
2. *Pr.*—*Hocus-pocus, Don-Quixot, Jack Adams, Mary Ambry, Frier Bungy, William Lilly.*——
Anſ. Help our *Opera*, becauſe 'tis very ſilly.
2. *Pr. Carpentero, Paintero, Dancero, Muſichero, Songſtero, Punchanelly.*
Anſ. Help our *Opera*, becauſe 'tis very ſilly.

Chorus

Chorus *firſt Sung, and then Sung, and Danc'd to.*

Some ſhall hollow, ſome Dance and Sing,
Hey ding, ding, ding, hey ding, ding,
Omn'a bene —— Omn'a bene.
Ding, ding, ding, with hey ding, ding ding,
With hey, &c. ——

The Chief Prieſt ſeats None-ſo-fair *in the Chair, it Thunders and Lightens; the Chair ſinks, and in its place a dreadful ſhape ariſes, and ſayes.* ——

The Princeſs to the Chair is pleaſing,
And all her troubles now are eaſing.

The Chief Prieſt turns over his head, and the other two Prieſts take the little Boy in the Surplices, and whip him while they Sing this.

He took him by the Lilly Frock,
And ſcourged him full ſore;
A long half hour by the Clock,
Alack a day therefore,
While Youth doth laſt, the changes Ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong ding,
When Youth is flown, and Age is come,
The Clappers down, the Bell doth groan:
And call you to a ſad long home,
With a heavy, heavy, heavy boam, boam.

The Chief Prieſt riſes and waves his Wand thrice.

Ch. Pr. Comorah whee, Comorah whee, Comorah whee.
All anſwer bowing. Shoolimocroh, Shoolimocroh, Shoolimocroh.
Ch. Pr.—Kiſs *Betty.*
All anſw. bowing.—Pollykagathoy.——

It

It Thunders and Lightens, the Priest waves his Wand, all squat down—the dreadfull shape sincks, and the Chair rises kissing None-so-fair,—— *and she immediately comes out of it.*

Ch. Pr. Behold the Chair.— [*All rise up hastily and bow.*

Ch. Pr. Now *None-so-fair*, has had her wish,
And first you shall hear what it is;
And after we will sacrifice a——Fish.

K. And. Oh Sir! we humbly do beseech
To know who shall her Husband be,
For that our very Ears do itch;
And if you please we fain would see.

It Thunders and Lightens extreamly, and then the Chair delivers this Oracle.——

Lead None-so-fair *to yonder Wood,*
Where Lovers howle like Beasts for Food,
There she must sigh, and weep a good.
And so you there must leave her,
For the White Bear of Norwich *must have her.*
To her he will be very Civil,
Be gone, 'tis vain to puff or snivil.

K. And. O fie, O fie, O laud, O me forlorn,
Would I had dy'd e'r I was born;
I have spent my Youth fair,
To get a wife for a Bear.

Wood. Lippy, I could leap out of my skin for joy Mother *Wooßut*, a brave Beldam! she has keep'd her word.

Sweet. Nothing vexes me, but that I must be Aunt to her litter of Cubs.——We shall have roaring Nephews.——

K. And. Troop, troop, if I keep in this dreadful mind,
I will come back, but I'le leave my life behind.

Nick. Hold, hold, King *Andrew* stay, be wise I say,
And don't the Gods obey;
If 'twere good that *None-so-fair* were given to the Bear,
You should hear'd on't before y' had known't.

Phil. But if 'tis bad, then 'tis not good, we know what's what.
We must not shed the guiltless blood,
Yet *None-so-fair*, poor Sheep must go to pot.
Gods, you wou'd be veaz'd, wo'r you a'ard in your kind,
Vor y'are never half an hour in a mind.

Nick. King be not cheated, nor cullied King; I'le be hang'd if there is not a live thing in the wishing Chair, did n't you see how *None-so-fair* was tickl'd, did not she spin like a Top, and stand upon her head like a Juggler; 'tis a damn'd Son of a Whore Chair, and he lyes, and I am not satisfi'd.—

Pr. Oh Sir, take heed for Crimes like this,
The Sacred Chair has Rods in piss.

K. And. When wishing Chair his Silence broak,
I do believe Tom-tumbler spoak.

Pr. The wonders of our wishing Chair, prov'd by Miracle, and that shews the truth of the power of the wonder.

Nick. The Power is governed by the Order, which commands the Power and the Order, Rules the Beauty which governs the Order, which is found ty'd fast to the end of the Creation, in a long round Chain; and things, and things loose fast upon one another, I don't know howish, like bunches of Paper at a Kites tail, and so by a plain orderly method of Power and Order, and Order without Power, and Power without Order; and no Power, and no Order, and no Order, but a kind of Disorderly Powerful Order.

The fixed World is drawn, confin'd at large;
As men in Ropes ty'd loose, tugg Western Barge.

Ch. Pr. You and your Nature are meer Ignorance,
But we appear to wise foreseeing chance.

Nick. If Nature is less then Miracle, when Heaven uses Supernatural Miracle; the Gods declare their Power less, bycause Miracle is greater then Nature;——But if the Gods make children, when Natures Instrument is out of tune: They use no Nature, because Nature without Nature; is not Nature, but Miracle Unnatural, miraculous Nature.

Phil. There's your Anchovies; *Priest* —— 'twas woundy well spoak, and zooe if this be granted; The Gods can, but they

they wo'not; becauſe they would, but they cannot, and they wo'nt, and they cannot, and they cannot, any they wo'nt, and zo.

They'lne'r be mad, becauſe they'r not long in a mind,
Az a deaf Hoſteſs can't zee, becauſe ſhe's blind.

Ch. Pr. Avaunt you ſcoffing Blades, avaunt,
The Thundring Gods begin to Rant.

It Thunders, and Lightens, the Chair ſinks, and the Prieſts, and all their Attendants run off the Stage.

Phil. What doſt think, we be wild *Iriſh*; and will run away,
Becauſe the Clouds be troubl'd with the wind cholick,
Odzbboars doſt think chill, loſe my Coin, and my Parcel?

Non. The Gods and wiſhing Chair, we muſt obey,
And I will go, becauſe I cannot ſtay.

K. And.—Come my ſweet Pigs-nie let's make haſt,
If Bear eats thee for his breakfaſt:
As I'am a ſinner. He ſhall have me for a dinner.

Nick. Thus great ——— was betray'd,
And *Pſyche* taken from her Dad,
Though Princeſs huff'd, and ſwore like mad.

Exeunt all but Phillip.

Phil.—All gwon, zure 'tis a Bawdy-houſe,
Vor there cham twoald they uſe you thus,
Be vengeance cranck, till you are ſnoring drunk,
And then away ſhirks Money, Cloaths, and Punck.
The Gods may well rain Golden ſhowr's,
Into the Laps of Paramours:
Credit is theirs, but coſt is ours;
Ch'ave not one penny left my drouth to quench,
If this be Religion, give me a Wench. Ther's your Anchovies.

Exit Phillip.

ACT II. SCENE III.

A Wilderness.

Enter King Andrew, Sweet-lips, Woudha. *and* None-so-fair.

Non. O Royal Dad, see, how he blubbers,
Kings should not whine so like great lubbers.
K. A. O slip! O Daughter mine! where art thou gadding?
I ne'r shall hear thee more sing with a fadding.
Oh! that could grave thee hadst thou put in,
Before by me thou wer't begotten:
Why should the Gods be so barbarous?
Oh! that t'hadst dy'd in Natures Ware-house,
Then Death that cunning old Shop-lifter,
From stall of eyes had never swift her.
Non.—Your sniv'ling melts me, so that I
shall be quite dead before I dye.
K. And. Oh ye Gods!———
I've many a day paid Scot, and lot,
And well I'm serv'd, now am I not.
Non.—Oh! Sir begone, begone, I say,
For if you tarry here,
My life it will soon sneak away:
And cheat the Gods, and eke the bear.
Sisters two I leave you here,
To keep you clean and sweet.
Be good unto my Daddy dear,
For so 'tis very meet.
Each week let him have shirt full clean,
Let head be comb'd, and wash'd his face,
Let holes be mended in hosen,
Himself can't do't, you see alass.
Sir, On my knees I you beseech,
To leave me now alone.
For why my Elbows both do itch,
Till you are fled, and gone.

O! Budge away from this place flat all,
For if the Bear ſhould come, have at all.
Bw'y Daddy for ever and a day.

K. And.—Mine own dear Huſſey do not ſo ſay,
Beſpeak a place for me below there:
For I'le come down ſome time or other,
And do'e hear, remember me to your Mother.

Exeunt all but None-ſo-fair.

None ſo. For all ſo well I hid my fears,
Deaths Calumny my face bemears,
Laud what a quiddie am I in i'fack, fack,
You may wring the ſhift upon my back:
If 'twere but Fleſh and Blood I would not fear,
But to be touz'd by nought, but clawes and hair,
Hair, ſtiffer then, an old mans Beard,
Would make the ſtouteſt Vizard here afeard.

Why ſhould I ſpeak ſo; the Chair told me, the Bear would be kind to me; I'le ſhut my eyes, and think 'tis ſome Gallant in Masquerade with Fur'd-Coat on, but then he can't cry like a diſcreet ſoft Courtier, do'e know me now? no He'l roar boh, ho, he, and fall on like a Drunken Soldier at the Sack of a City.

Enter Phillip *and* Nicklas.

Phil. O hoe! here ſhe is—pluck up Heart, *O Grace!* here take my muckinder, and dry thy ey'n, cham the Blood, O'the *Phillips!* ne'r a Dog in the Village can zay, blacks mine eye; but in the way of love and honeſty, and av'ore the Bear ſhall eat one bit o've thee.

Princeſs Chill beat my Oaken Plant to the ſtumps,
Don't wincie zoo, but leave thy doleful dumps.

Nick.—Let Guts and Garbage feed white Bears,
Poor ſtrolling Cracks and Waſtcoteers:
Not Gods, but cheating Crew of juggling Chair,
Are mad to make a Meal on Royal Gueer.

Non. I will not hear the Sacred Chair abuſed.

Nick. —Poor harmless Rogue! how sadly he's misus'd!
Great Princess, since *Grimalkin* coming,
No longer here, let's stay Caps thrumming.
Come jog along with us good Fellows,
We will regale you at next Ale-house.
And of one kiss of *Bona Roba*
Bears, Gods, nor Divels, shall not bob us.
Non. No more great Sirs was't Court-ship here,
You take the wrong sow by the ear,
For by Lord *Harry* I'el ne'r marry,
And when I do, it shan't be you.
Therefore go pop.

A Roaring within as of a Boar.

Phil. Odz-boars Prince *Nick.*
Ston. Vast, here's the Anchovies.
Nick. Bear up, *Phillip*, bear up.
Phil. Ay, ay, but don't hunch me zoo, chill warn't vor one-

A Roaring again, the Boar enters, seizes the Princess, and sucks with her, while Jeffry with a switch beats off the Princes.

END of the II. Act.

ACT I. Scene III.

Enter *Payers* with Beaters on thyir ſhoulders, and their Maſter with his meaſuring Rod.

SONG.

YOu tough brawny Lads, that can live upon ſtones,
And skin the hard Flint for good Liquor:
Let love to the Idle, and wealthy begone,
And let Preaching alone to the Vicar;
Let all be made plain, with your Strikers and Thumpers,
And when your works done, we'l about with the Bumpers.

The little blind God, of which lovers do prate,
Makes all that adore him grow lazy,
For counterfeit bleſſings he long makes you wait,
And with ſighs and diſeaſes he pays ye.
But he you ſerve now, with your Strikers and Thumpers,
When the work's done, will about with the Bumpers.

1. *Pav.* The Walks are all grave'l'd, and the Bower ſhall be prepar'd for the Bear and *Nonſey.*

2. *Pa.* But e'r we go in, let the Drinking begin,
And then we will Thump it agen.

Chorus.

With full double Pots,
Let us liquor our throats.
And then we'l to work with a hoh, ho, ho,
But let's drink e'r we go, let's drink e'r we go.

Maſt. Then toſs up your liquor, and to labour make haſt,
The time is too precious to waſt.

Chorus

Chorus ——— *With full double*, &c.

1. *Pav.* Here *Harry*. —— 2. *Pav.* Here *Will.*

3. *Pav.* Old True-penny ſtill.

All. While one is drinking, another ſhould fill,

Pa. Here's to thee, *Peter*. —— 4. Thanks honeſt *Phil.*

All. Lets luſtily ſwill, and while one is drinking, another ſhould fill.

Chorus. ——— *With full double, &c.*

Maſter. Diſpatch, or the Bear, or the Princeſs will chide,
For Love can no hindrance abide.

Pa. There's more need of drinking, drinking, then kiſſing by ods.
We'l bouſe it in ſpight of the Gods.

Chorus. ——— *With full double*, &c.

A Dance, and all run off.

Inter Bruin *and* Jeffry.

Bru. Brave Boys all, 'tis as well done as if I had chalk' out the way my ſelf; and it had been doing 16 whole Months, by the excellent approved, great moſt Famous, Ingenious, Induſtrious, careful Society of *More-fields*; Well *Geffery*, what doſt think of my Miſſy *None-ſo-fair*!

Jeffry. Think! Oh ſhe's the delicat'ſt, but of Mans meat that e'r lips were laid to, or legs laid over; ſhe's an Armfull for one of the Gods, for *Jupiter* himſelf in his Altitudes.

Bru. In his Altitudes —— what's that?

Jeffry. Why that's drunk as David's Sow, with *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, which is ſtout Mum, and Brandy; the Gods drink upon Holy-dayes, But Sir, is not *None-ſo-fair* a little ſoft childiſh, no wiſer then ſhe ſhould be?

Bru. I thought thou hadſt known better; all cunning Amorous Women, put on a modiſh ſeeming Innocent Ignorance, that they may have pleaſure without loſs of reputation, 'tis a modeſt way of wooing, and as pleaſant to the hearers, as great lyes ingeniouſly made, and ſeriouſly told,

for

for things that come neareſt Truth; and are not ſo, are moſt taking.

Jeffry. Therefore, young Gallants are ſo much pleaſed with being like Gentlemen; and the total of all the praiſe, they would give a Friend, ends in. —— Gad, in ſhort he's much like a Gentleman; the Divel take me, much like a Gentleman?——

Bru. Ay! that is, he Swears, Drinks, Games, and Whores, which are no more the true accompliſhments of a right Gentleman; then Huffing, and ſpeaking loud Nonſence, are of the Gods, whatever our Friends, the Fopps, and the Poets, which are much like one another, ſay to the contrary.——

Jeffry. Apollo, the wiſhing Chair told me.——

Bru. Pox take that liquoriſh Rogue, he has been beforehand, he'l have a hand in every ſack,—what did he ſay?

Jeffry. When he kiſs'd her, ſhe cry'd Oh laud! why do 'e kiſs a body ſo, I'le tell my Father, ſo I will.——

Bru. Ay, and thruſt out her lips as 'twere to puſh him away, when 'twas only to kiſs cloſer?——

Jeffry. And when he talked a little,--I do'nt know howiſh, you know of that ſame,—ſhe look'd ſo wiſtly, and Innocently in his face.

Bru. As Ignorant People do on one that ſpeaks a Forreign Language.——

Jeffry. Ay, and repeated ev'ry ſtrange word ſo harmleſsly, and cry'd what's that now?

Bru. And was as curiouſly inquiſitive, as if ſhe were learning a new ſtitch on her Sampler.——

Jeffry. And look'd with ſuch Religious Languiſhing Eyes.

Bru. Religious Languiſhing Eyes?

Jeffry. Ay, as if ſhe were at Prayers.

Bru. Thou incorrigible Fool —— If a Woman looks ſo, though in the Church; thou maiſt ſwear her thoughts are in the very Altitudes of Love —— Her heart's drunk with it, and her eyes reel, and are dazl'd her dying Eyes, think thy ſelf into an Amorous extaſie, and I'le tell thee how thou lookſt.

Jeffry. Gad, and ſo I will.

Bru Now, now, now, there's your Religious, languishing, drunken, dying Eyes.

Jeffry. Oh, oh, aha.——

Bru. There's your Anchovies, as Prince *Phillip* says.

Jeffry. I'le swear 'tis very pretty, but why won't you appear to her like a Gentleman?——

Bru. No, no, when she sees me in this invisible shape, like a Prince, she'l think I'm a God, and will make her a Lady. When love thus storms a Fort, and enters by force, he plunders freely, and imposes what conditions he will; but when he comes sneaking, and creeping like a Boy after a Butterfly, Ten to one but she flies off, and he falls into the next Ditch; for where love is in motion, like Water thrown on the ground: 'twill fall into the first hollow place it finds.

My love comes, *Jeffry* to your Post, away,
Take care that none disturb our Play;
'Twill be your own another day.

Exeunt Bruin *and* Jeffry *several ways.*

The Scene chang'd to an Arbour dress'd up with gaudy Play-games for Children.

Enter None-so-fair *alone.*

Non. Oh what a bewitching sight is here, a finer place can't be seen in a Summers day. — Oh! my tother goodness, it looks like an Orange stuck with Cloves, or a Pudding full of Plums, as who should say, come eat me, 'tis the very *Virginy* Pepper of Nature, where the Spicy tast, of all Shows is bound up in one fine sight; was this made for a Slaughter-house, no, 'tis more like an *Opera*, then a *Bear-Garden*; 'tis as fine as to Day and to Morrow, sure 'tis the Countrey-house of some City God; I was brought hither above ground too, as if I had flown in the Air:—Oh happy *Nonsey.*—But stay, if the Gods should play the Jacks with me, and show me Roast-meat, to thurst the Spit in my Guts.—No, no, let nothing

thing trouble thee little *Nonſy*, th'are better bred; and ſcorn to be ſo baſe.—But if ſome fine God ſhould come in a great Periwig, and red and green Ribbons, and ſwear he loved me like a Divel, and all that; there's your Anchovies, as Prince *Phillip* ſays.

Bruin *within ſings.*

Sweet open the Door, and let me come in a,
For to go a wooing, I now begin a.
Non. *I'le open, and open, and open again,*
Then I prythee ſweet heart come in.

O Melody moſt raviſhing!
I could for ever hear it ſing.
Oh if thou haſt the Bowels of a Man a!
Tune up thy Pipes, and ſing again a.

Bruin within.

Br. Oh fair Maid! be not affraid: For I am come a wooing, Thou art mine, and I am thine own ſweet heart, and Bruin.
Non. Once more, Oh box my ears once more!
If er I heard the like, I'm the Son of a Whore.
Br. Hey ding a ding, muck and Traſh,
Little Miſſe *None-ſo-fair* has a white Elbow,
Oh take all my droſs! but give me the Laſs,
For I want a new ſheath to my Bilbow.
Non. With a hey tralil, and ho tralil, my Elbow does itch,
Which makes me cry ſtill:
Oh give me thy Droſs! and thou ſhalt have the Laſs,
And a Dainty fine ſheath for thy Bilbow.
Non. My heart's provok'd by ſome Divine Bauble,
And all my Blood is turn'd to a Caudle.
Bru. All Play-games that e're be brought,
For love or Money, I'le give my Honey,
She ſhall have all the World in thought.
Non.—O Dear! O dainty!
Br.—O ſweet and twenty!

Non.—When ſhall I my Charmer know,
Br.—Too morrow to mo.
Non.—I'm affraid,
Br.—Fie fair Maid.
Non.—Hey I'm ſad, and I'm glad,
Bru.—Why all's paid I'gad.
Non.—By this great guift, thou art ſome Goddy,
Bru.—Thou ſhalt perceive, I am no Noddy.
Non.—Come in then my Dear hoddy doddy.

A Dance of Bears, among which is the white Bear of Norwich, *and at the end of the Dance his ſhape flyes off, and he appears dreſſed like a* Cupid.

Non. Oh what a glorious thing was here, in ſhape of ugly Bear.
Oh what hands! what legs are there?
But Oh the face! and oh the hair!
And Oh that he were mine own dear!
Bru. The Bear I am,
Non. Pray Gad be Jon.
Bru. For all you are ſo cranck and prety,
The Chair has ſent me here to eat ye.
Non. Oh eat me quickly! and Oh eat me long!
For and Oh! Iam not ſickly, but Ah! I am not young.
Ah! I'm very tender by my troth,
Oh! I long to leap into thy mouth.
In thy dear kidnies I'le inhabit,
And make a Burrough like a Rabbit.
Oh! no other love ſhall thence me ferret,
Ah! I will not hurt thee, do not fear it.
But like gentle Viperſome-
Times to pretty mouth I'le come,
Hounds-teeth to pick; on eyes to gaze,
And view thy comely maple face:
Then turning round in wainſcot jawes,
And ſliding down rough corral Throat.
There in loves ſweets I'le ſtewing lye,
Till all diſſolv'd in love, I dye.

My mind boils over with the thought,
Bru. My fair *Non.* my Love *Br.* my Dear *Non.* my Dove.
Bru. My Honey *Non.* my Bunny *Br.* my Croney *Non.*
Let me approach ye *Bru.* Let me make much o'ye—
Non. Oh let me kiſs that pretty pretty dimple!
Bru. My love is willing, but ſhe's wondrous ſimple.
Non. Ah how I long! Oh how I am ſtung!
Ah I feel your headed ſteel!
Oh how it ſmarts! Ah how it tickles!
Ah the ſoftneſs! and Oh the prickles!
Ah how it cleaves my heart in pieces!
Now, now, Oh now it increaſes.
Now my Blood begins to be at peace,
I'le warrant you, 'twas all up in my face.
Oh the ſweets of the pain! Ah the pain of the pleaſure!
Ah the griefs! Oh the joys without meaſure!
Bru. Is this cold *Numph* without heart like Iron?
Her face doth tempt, but tricks do tyre one,
My ſtomacks full, but ſhe's more eager,
Then Soldier coming from long leaguer.
Non. Oh the Trance in which I've been!
Ah that 'twould 'till Death remain!
But Oh 'twill never, never come again!
Bru. Allonz my Dear I am thy Bear,
Cheer up I ſay, I have it for ye,
With nought, but love I will not marry.
Non. Ah Laud Sirs, did you ever ſee the like? what have you done to me? well y'are a naughty Bear, I believe y'are a Witch; do virtuous Princeſs uſe to be ſo—Poor thing I was never ſo before, and I would do nothing mis-becoming the Rank, Quality of King *Andrews*-daughter—
Bru. Oh well diſſembled Ignorance!
Non. Your hand bewitch'd me, but your eyes; Oh thoſe Inchanting eyes! I never ſaw ſuch eyes, nor felt ſuch eyes; nor heard ſuch eyes, nor underſtood ſuch eyes, Oh thoſe delicate! dear, long round, twinckling, pincking, glazing, leering, ſneering Sheeps eyes of thine.

O look away, they pierce me ſo,
I know not wher'I feel or no.
Why do'e gape ſo amorous, zee,
Would you have any thing of me.

Bru. Oh yes, I am ſouſt too in loves pickle,
Salt tears down cheeks like Mil-ſtones trickle;
My heart in Stomach their would reſt,
As brooding Rook does on ſoft neſt;
And while for food it there ſits calling,
With bit of pity, thou muſt ſtop his yawling:
Oh give me thy pretty thing.
And when that pretty thing thou giveſt to me,
I'le burn its Tail, that it may fly from me;

Non. Oh take it then! Oh catch it quickly,
Staying with me 'tis grown ſo ſickly,
It melts too faſt, unleſs your help withſtands,
'Twill dye away, and lye upon my hands;
Oh it flutters, Ah it pants, yet, yet I hav't,
Oh Sir diſpatch, diſpatch, if you would ſav't,
Sir, Sir, Sir, now, now, Oh now it tingles at my fingersends,
'Tis gone, 'tis gone, run, fetch it back again:
Or I ſhall dye unleſs thou giv'ſt me thine.

Exeunt running.

Scene chang'd.

Enter the Princes, Nicklas *and* Phillip.

Pil. Prince *Nick*, cham zick ove this zokring work;
Che wonder where the Vengeance ſcab do lurk,
Why wuſs mon ſhe's but one o' my Naunts:
There vore lets ſquot, and leave theez murrin Jaunts;

Nick. All ground's to hot for me to tarry on,
Till I have got my Princely Carrion;
Though Fortune is froppiſh ſtill we hope well,
Phil. be not moapiſh, but ask all Pe-o-ple.

Phil. May be ſhe's zunning on zome odrous mixion,
Choud teaz her ifz cou'd vind the Vixon;

Nick. Had ſhe none but we to put her tricks on.

Phil.

Phil. A vowdry tit come *Nick* lets zlip hence,
When luch zares pride wull pay her odd vip'ence;
Yet white Bears a Beaſt, if he hurt imp Royal,
Though Bear have Feaſt, let wiſhing Chair pay all:
Let's hye us to'n ſtraight, and bumbaſt the bony Witch,
Che doubt thick Chair had vurſt lick ove her hony Critch,
Nick. Mums the word leaſt he by flight prevent us,
Let's gallop ſtraight on pair of nimble Tentoes.

Exeunt.

The Scene chang'd to the Arbour.

Enter None-ſo-fair.

Non. Laud what have I done, I reek like a new ſhot gun,
Heigh hoe, a kind of ſhameleſs ſhame I feel;
But I feel ſomething elſe that joyes me ſtill,
And does that other feeling quite out-feel:
I can't repent now for my blood,
Sure things ſo ſweet muſt need be good,
Beſides to love is to obey a God,
The things ſo Sacred, and ſo kind to boot:
That I will roar it out——again I'le do't.
Here comes the little loving Rogue,
Now do I bluſh like a blew Dog;
What ſhall I do, I am rapt, Oh! I ſhall have my fit again, for ſomething catches me faſt by the inclination.——
Oh, you Divel, you Ah!
Sing thit. { *The more I look, the more I like, beauty breeds my hearts delight.*
Bru. Poor virtuous loving Princeſs,
At firſt ſhe ſeem'd to loath loves pleaſant bub,
And now ſhe's all for empting of the Tub.
Non. Though I'm ſo fond of one ne'r ſeen before,
I hope you do not think I am a Whore;
Yet leaſt that I ſhould prove with Child,
And you ſhould run away therefore,
I pray Sir, be ſo meek and mild,
To tell me like a truſty Trojan,
Both what's your Name, and where's your Lodging. *Bru.*

Bru. I am a great Prince, my Eſtate lyes in the new *Utopia*. I am chief commander of all the Padders, Jugglers, Priggers, Ditchers, Bulkers, and Pickpockets, to me all thoſe merry Greeks pay Tribute, which ſhall come into thy Fob, all the beautious Doxies, Dells and Drabs, ſhall obey the back, and admire thy magnificence.

Thou ſhalt be both my pretty *Romp* in Luxury and Pomp, thy eyes ſhall watch; while thy ears are raviſhed, and all thy other Senſes ſhall dance *Bobbing-Joan* for joy, I'le keep thee in thy Hair, and thy Slippers; thou ſhalt eat like a Cameleon, and drink like a Flitter-mouſe; thy Houſe ſhall be made of one intire Sugar-Plum, out of which thou ſhalt every day eat thy paſſage like a lovely Viper out of his Dams Belly, thy Cloſet ſhall be furniſhed with Sun-beams, thy Cloaths ſhall be all Marmalade powdered with Caraways for ſpangles, thy Bed ſhall be made of a great Blue-Fig, and thy Curtains of Dyet-bread Paper, where thou ſhalt lye like the Lady in the Lobſter 'till I come to dreſs thee with the Vinegar of love, and the Nutmeg of Luxury, thy Coach ſhall be of ſome fine new Trangam——which we'l ſtudy for——

Non. Oh I am rapt again!

Bru. Thou ſhalt have a Dog and a Parrot, and when th'are ſick, thou ſhalt have a Phyſitian and a Surgean for them.

Non. Oh! I am rap't again——but what if they ſhould dye?

Bru. Then thou ſhalt mourn o're thy dear Cur, like a grave Perſon of quality; put thy woman in black, and convey it with a Train of Hakneys to the Sepulchre of his ſtinking Anceſtor in Pomp and Luxury.——But my dear Bunting I tell thee one thing.

Ask not my mighty name, for that once known;
Like fairy pence thy Trump'ry will be gone:
If *Newgate*-keeper once ſhould ſmoak us,
Thy Bear muſt vaniſh with a hocus.

Non. But Love, Honey, won't you let my Siſters viſit me? truly they are not adopted Siſters, but of my true Royal Fleſh and Blood; and I would fain ſhow my Pride and Luxury. For Bravery without being ſeen, is like *John* come kiſs me without dancing, or a Bell without a Clapper, for it makes no noiſe.——

Bru.

Bru. My *Jeffery* ſhall for them hye,
And fetch them hither by and by.

Enter Jeffery.

G. Pri. Hoe, *Jefferey*, Hoe, make haſt, and go
Hunt for great Siſters high and low.
Thou'lt find the ſtately *Trape's* tyr'd with Travel,
Out of ſurbated trotters picking gravel,
Or at ſome Farmers door a reſting haunches,
And ſinging ſmutty Ballads for Bread and Cheeſe.
Jeff. The Quean looks ſhy on't, will ſhe bob? will ſhe come?
Bru. The *Nymph* is plyant, done is job, word is mum.
Jeff. Blouzes I fly to call as faſt as hoofs can fall,
I'le bring them hither with their Fardels,
Or leave them there, it will go hard elſe.

Exit Jeffery.

Bru. I hope your Siſters are no ſetters,
And come to tempt you with Love-letters:
If you let any other——at my Charges,
My freſh tap'd love will turn as ſowr as Verjuice.
But let that paſs——
Now prick up ears, let eyes ſtare hard,
Let all thy Senſes ſtand on Guard.
That I may catch them unprepar'd.
Till *Jeffry* do thy lineage bring,
We'l go, and hunt the pretty thing.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter Wiſhing-Chair *and* Jeffry.

Wiſh. And how, and how, do things and things fit? does ſhe melt like Snow in his arms? and make the Rogue think, there's Fire in his boſom—does the little Vermine twine about him like a tame Snake? and make her tongue ſeem forked with ſwift motion.

Jeffry. Why all theſe queſtions Friend, and ask'd with ſuch envious curioſity, becauſe you made the firſt diſcovery, you thought, the Natives would truck with no other,—Y'are out; you only touch'd upon the Coaſt, he has ſail'd up the River; diſcovered the In-land,—planted a Colony; and ſettl'd the Trade of Furs.—

Wiſh. Oh Rogue! 'tis a dainty ſpot of Ground, Woods, Rivers, Mountains, over which is plac'd a Sky always ſerene and clear.

Well the Dog has his day.

Jeffry.—Ay and He'l not loſe a minuit of it.

Wiſh. I ſhall ne'r forget, the pretty ſkittiſh thing did ſo ſnach away my kiſſes, and throw them back again with ſuch a furious kind Scorn.—Pray let me go now, won't you? and then imbrac'd me ſo fiercely, as if ſhe had wiſh'd, the Divel take me if I did. —Ah! ſhe preſſed, like freſh Curds newly put into the Cheeſe-frame.—Oh *Jeffry! Jeffry!*

Jeffry. Oh Friend! Friend! you have had your time, and muſt now live upon your *Alſorges*; like a great Monkey chew the Cud, for you muſt be a clean Beaſt in ſpight of your teeth, I over-heard the Puiſſant Princeſs make dangerous reſolves againſt your dear life. Prince *Phillip* will be at your Anchovies, i'faith, *Bruin* thinks fit that you repair to our Pallace the new Muſick-houſe, you know where, for your Worſhips ſafely,—and to incourage you, heark ye—I am ſent for two freſh Frollicks, the two elder Siſters.

Wiſh. Art thou ſo? —enough—I am for the *Straights.*

Enter

Enter Gammer Readſtreak.

Jeffry. Hold, hold, here's a Packing-penny, ſhe comes to wiſh for a Famine, that Corn may ſell dear.

Wiſh. Or a foul diſeaſe on thoſe that Robb'd her Hen-rooſt, Pox upon her brown Bread *Phiſuomie*,—lets go.

Jeffry. Not a foot Sir' till this old Jade's curry'd; y' are bound by Oath to refuſe none.——

Wiſh. Pri'thee *Jeffry* be favourable, diſpence.

Jeffry. On, on, Sir will you perform, or ſhall I complain; remember.

Wee'l dry up your tears, and eaſe all your Care,
With delicate thing call'd a new wiſhing Chair.

Let the good Woman be ſatisfied; now will I go find her Husband, and ſend him hither immediatly, dear miſchief how I love thee.

Exit Jeffry.

Red. Ah bleſſing on his good heart, he ſpeaks moſt Serene and clear, he's a very notable Man I'le warrant you;—and whoever ſays Gammar *Redſtreak* hath no Judgement. Hy hee and for all your whim whams, they prate and prate, but give me ſomething, has ſome ſavour; and ſay, and hold, Gadslidikins, I'le not be trampl'd on by the Proudeſt.—I have known the time when my penny was as White, and round, as the beſt fiddle faddle of them all; Oh the tumbling, and rumbling there was then, I'le warrant you my Linnen was ſo touzl'd, and mouzl'd, 't wou'd do ones heart good, to ſee't. But now like and old crack'd Groat, whoſe ſtamp's worn out; none will take me, they ſay I am not current.—But I'le fit 'em, for I'le wiſh my ſelf a Queen, and this Houſe full of Money in my Pocket.

Wiſh. And the Devil in thy Chattering Chops.

Red. Ay, your worſhips: and a new Husband every time I change my Apron.——

Wiſh. And a new Diſeaſe ev'ry time thou turn'ſt thy Clack.

Enter Jeffry *and* Coſtard *obſerving them.*

Jeffry. See how cloſe they are, an honeſt Man, and an Headborough Coſt: Oh Trumpet, Oh Hilding, I have been her true and natural Husband any time this twenty Year, up zitting and down-lying.

Ah how ſhe bumbaſt him, out thou Carrion! ——

Red. Show your favour Sir, and when I am a Queen you ſhall be my head Hind.

Wiſh. Some kind miſchief deliver me, from this ſhe Dragon.

Red. I ſhall make rare a Queen, and bring good houſwifry into faſhion; for I'le make all the *Maſques*, and *Chorus's*, and *Simphonies* my ſelf, *With a Fiddle Faddle, hey down diddle, faith let's be merry.*

Coſt. How Peſtilent Jocund the lown is; well, my heart leaps againſt my teeth, like a Rat againſt the Wyers of a Trap.— I'le be with thee in the twinckling of a Cabbage, I'le ſcoure thy Crab-lanthorn with a witneſs, look to't, I'le ſwing thy Croudledum, I will. —

Jeffry. Diſpatch then, for the Show will be paſt elſe; I would fain get the Rogue ſome ſoure ſawce to his ſweet bit.

Coſt. Ah how ſhe ſneers like a Mare that has ſpy'd her ſtray Coult.—do, do, Ring all in, chill Ring noon about thy Pate preſently.

Exit Coſtard.

Jeffry. So the dull Larrum's wound up, I would fain ſtay to hear it clatter; but I muſt ſeek *Sweetlips* and *Wondhamore.*

Exit Jeffry.

Wiſh. Well I am mollifi'd, thou ſhalt ſee the Show; the Woman is decent, cleanly, and ſound I'le Warrant; hang't, we muſt not always expect Beautious Women; ſtay here a little, thou pritty Rogue; I begin to have a mind to her;— ha, old True penny.

Exit Wiſh.

Red. Now for me, I'le be a Queen or a Lady at leaſt; and King *Andrew's* Three Daughters ſhall be my Maids, and I'le have

have a high Seat in the Church, and the Chaplain ſhall pray for his virtuous Patrons.— Then I'le have the head-ach, and be very ſick, that I may receive Viſits in my Bed, Oh! there's no way like it to draw on Sutors; they know a poor weak Woman that lyes there on purpoſe, has no power to deny.— One that I know, dreſt her ſelf in ſix ſeveral dreſſes to catch her Sweet-heart, but nothing pleas'd her; I'le warrant you 'till ſhe fucuſt her face, blanch'd her hands, put on a rich ſuit of Night Linnen, and went to Bed; where ſhe lay like a Queen Apple upon a Tod of Wool, and the Patches look'd for all the World like Birds pecks, which ſhow the Fruit is Rotten-ripe; and what do'e think the Whore-Son ſnuffed up his Noſe, and cry'd he did not love brown cruſt in Milk; a proud Jack, I'le make a Law, that every man ſhall be hang'd that refuſeth a Woman; ay and 'tis high time, for we have been even ſo kind to 'm, that they uſe us as they do Rackets at Tennis, when they have exerciſed their Bodies; and thump'd their Balls, —— dreſs, and away; but my Lady *Redſtreak*, won't be ſerv'd ſo ifaith. — After Dinner the Steward ſhall ſet things right with me in my Cloſet, and the Gentleman of the Horſe, or ſome ſpruce fellow ſhall Fiddle me a ſleep. Oh *Redſtreak*, didſt thou ever think to come to this. But if this ſhould be a lye, now I'm bravely ſerved.—

The wiſhing Chair is diſcover'd.

Oh there's the Chair, I cannot hold 'till the Gentleman comes.—Oh a Queen, a Queen and 80 Husbands, and this Houſe full of Money, O lo, O lo, whither am I going?

The Chair ſinks with her, — and Coſtard *enters ridiculouſly Arm'd.*

Coſt. Whaur, whaur, whaur.— Ha gwon, ſhark'd away; Oh miſchief, Oh *Coſtard*, Oh Cuckold — budding, budding. I feel 'em budding.—Oh Beaſt, I'le kill thee with my horns; a Cuckold in my old days, I'le draw thy Colts Tooth with a vengeance.

Exit.

Exit Coſtard, *and Enter wiſhing Chair, and* Redſtreak.

Red. A thouſand thanks to your worſhip, I have not ſeen ſo fine a Show this ſeven years.——

Wiſh. A tough carrion, ſhe draws like a Whirl-pool, and would kill a Man as eaſily as a Cat ſucks the breath of a Child: Go thy ways old Mumpſimus, the mark's in thy mouth ſtill.

Enter Caſtard.

Coſt. Now, Courage, for the Blood of the *Coſtards*, I'le mow them off both in the middle, ſo ſwiftly that they ſhall ſtand ſtill, and never think th'are dead.

Wiſh. No, no more at this time, I thank your Queen-ſhip.

Coſt. Ah umh! ſhe clings like a rotten Egg to a Pillory; yes pray do, and I'le watch the grins like the head of a dead Horſe, Scoundrel, ſnarle-chops, Beezom-Beard, come out, come out, if thou dareſt.—O Laud!

Red. I'm undone, as a man would undo an Oyſter, my natural good man is here, and there's Murder in his looks.

Wiſh. What art thou? what doſt ſtare at? wilt fight, ha?

Coſt. 'Pranter aye 'Pranter, no my tongue's my own, and God ſave the King's no Treaſon, my Blood's up, and I'le wiſh: what wilt thou do?— who wouldſt fight with?

Coſt. Zate there cham as cunning's the Devil, and won't tell *Wiſh*: Dam ye for a beetle-headed Dog.

Coſtard *runs out.*

Coſt. Oh Sir! Sir! Sir!

Red. Oh good Sir! *Wiſhing-Chair* ſit down, for I know he'l come again, and if I don't put this out of his head, he won't leave a whole bone in my skin.—

The

The Chair *claps down,* Redſtreak *ſits in it; and* Coſtard *returns.*

Red. And I wiſh, and I wiſh, that my dear Husband *Coſtard.*

Coſt. How! wiſhing in the *Chair* for me? odz pretious, if this been't a good Woman, the Devil's a Hog.—

Red. I wiſh, that my good Husband *Coſtard* were married to King *Andrews* eldeſt Daughter, though I were dead and rotten, I ſhould rejoyce for't a thouſand year hence, if I could remember't.

Coſt. Poor *Redſtreak*, my own true Spouſe,—'twere better I were hang'd, then thee wert dead: what a villanous Beaſt was I to think ill of her? no, thee art my Princeſs, and I had rather loſe the beſt Horſe in my Team, then loſe my Wife.—

Red. Ay that thou hadſt all I dare ſwear.

Coſt. No zately, theſe two of them coſt me zeaven and twenty Shillings a piece, but prythee *Redſtreak* let me wiſh for thee now, and requite thee in thy own Coyn.—a woundy fine *Chair.*—a *Wiſhing-Chair* do'e call it, Laud to ſee the Art of man by your leave Odzviſh, and eeles, what has it no Bottom?—yes it has, why what a muxon did I vall through the *Chair*, or the *Chair* through me, let me zee; zoo cham in now, and I wiſh, and I wiſh, What's that vor *Redſtreak?* ha is't no more then a word and a blow,—what a Vengeance! *When he tryes to ſit, the Chair moves, and he falls down.* *The Chair ſtrikes him a blow on the ear.*

Red. Laud Husband I did n't touch you.—

Coſt. Wilta lye to come o'this ſide,—ſo now I wiſh, and I wiſh.—*The Chair ſtrikes him on tother ſide.* What a pox ayles the Woman-bones? O me, wouldſt be leather'd ha?

Red. Truly Husband I never touch'd you.

Coſt. Never touch'd me, why thou Whore-ſon Scab? come and ſtand before, and look me in the face.—So now I wiſh, and I wiſh. *The Chair picks his Pocket.* Bones O me, Wife! there's a live thing in my Pocket,—why Woman

man all my money's vaniſhed.

Red. That can't be man, vor there's no kirſen Soul here but thee and I;—but if it be gwon, ſit thee down, and wiſh for me.

Coſt. Stand thee behind the Chair then, and zee that nothing moleſt me.—And I wiſh, and I wiſh,--Oh lo, and I wiſh that—Oh! I will have my wiſh in ſpight of the Devil, and I wiſh — Oh Bones! O me! Oh gogs nouns thou drab! ſhe has run a rifle into my Poſterity, but chill pay thee vor't with a witneſs.

She puſhes him into the Chair, who holds him faſt, while both beat him.

Red. Out thou Carl, thou Beaſt to uſe a Woman ſo, the Wrong-way, Dunder-noſe, Dog-bolt, Limber-twiſt, I'le teach thee to ſpoile a Woman.

Coſt. Oh Murther! Fellony, Salt and Batter, the Devil and the Witch will murther me.

Enter Princeſs, Nicklas *and* Phillip.

Phil. Now *Nick* for the honour of Knight-hood let's ſtand to our Pan-puddings, here's the white Bear, and the Wiſhing-Chair: have at'em by gueſs.

Nick. Oh *Nonſy* Lady mine! inſpire my Arm with Knightly proweſs to fight this dreadful Battel. This trenchant Blade I draw, and now have at all.

Red. O mercy! mercy! paſſion o'me, their naked Tucks upon a Woman.

The Chair *and* Coſtard *ſink the Princeſs, cut off* Redſtreaks *head, clap it on a Sword, and go off ſinging.*

Good Chriſtians Rejoyce,
With glad heart, and with Voice:
The white Bear is dead,
And here is his head.

ACT IIII. SCENE I.

Enter two men—Neighbours.

1. Neighbour. Don't you ſee a great noiſe ſomewhere? juſt like an Eccho coming from a Playn, where are no Woods, Hills, or Valleys to make it.

2. Ay, ay, 'tis, becauſe the Princes have kill'd the Bear, and every mothers Child is gone out to meet them.

1. The Princeſs are fine Blades, i'faith'ſpecially Prince *Phillip* for Quoyts, or Cudgels, turn him looſe.—Well now, Maids may live and marry, when they can get Husbands.

2. Ay, and we may hope to hear of a Maid in the ten's again, before they were affraid of being given to the Bear, that Maiden-heads were as cheap as ſtinking Fiſh.

1. I have heard much of theſe Maiden-heads, prythee what are they like?

2. Like.—why they are ſo like nothing, that there is nothing like them.—

1. If the Bear was kill'd but half an hour ago, as it ſeems by the ſtory, how could the triumphal Arch be built, and all this Pomp and Luxury be prepared to entertain the Prince.—

2. The way was chalk'd out by ſome Poet; or perhaps it was done by Nature, and the Gods.

1. Nature and the Gods, they had other Fiſh to fry, they have been together by the ears all this day about Princeſs *None-ſo-fair*; But heark, the Eccho draws near from the Playn: Let's take our places, leaſt we loſe the Show.

Exeunt.

Enter the Princeſs Riding in Triumph on Hobby-horſes, the Womans-head carried on a Spear, attended with many on Horſe-back; and a Foot with Banners, and Trails, Drums, and Trumpets, &c. —— After they have paſſed round the Stage, and taken their places; One ſings a Ballad, and all throng about him.

Song.

Prick up your ears, for, and that you may hear,
A Battel ſo dreadful, 'tween Princeſs and Bear,
Oh Chriſtian Pee-pel!
This Beaſt was ſo hungry, and alſo right fell,
he eat youth, and baggage,
like Salt, Beef, and Cabbage,
'twas doleſull to look on, and ruefull to tell.

Chorus.

But now the Bear's dead,
And here is his head,
By which you may ſee, all is ſooth that I ſaid,
Therefore rejoyce, ſing, and dance all, and ſome
With a lum, trum, tum, trum, tum, &c.

Dark was the Air, as if Welkin *were ſick,*
When bloody minded Roſe, Phillip, *and* Nick,
Quoth Nicolas, *I think,*
The Fight will be doubtful, then firſt let us drink.
Prince Phillip *by and by,*
Did fill out the Brandy.
And Courage did ſwell up, as Bottle did ſhrink.

Chorus.

But now the Bear's dead. &c.

Brandiſhing

Brandiſhing Blades with Bottle and Bag,
Theſe Princes went boldly to find out the Drag-
gon-Bear I do mean.
And catch'd him devouring of two pretty men,
They ſtole both behind him,
And e'r he could mind them,
They cut him, and ſlaſh'd him agen and agen.

A Dance performed by two men, and a Bear ſhowing the manner of the Princes killing the Bear.

Song.

You Champions great, that kill'd the Beaſt,
ſhall drink, and eat ſtill of the beſt,
For him you ſlew with Swords ſharp dint,
Car'd not one Fig for Jack o'lent.
But ſtar'd, as if he would cry forth,
When Boy with Clapper cry'd ſhooh ſhoh.

Chorus.

Among Knights errant, you ſhall not
Give place to any, but Quixot.

1. While we their Praiſes are hum drumming,
See where Mother *Woſſat*'s coming.

Mother Wooſſat *flies over the Stage, and calls Juſtice Crab, who comes out in his Charriot.*

Wooſſat knocks. Is Juſtice *Crab* within?
Crab. What wouldſt thou mortal?

Song.

Woſſ. *Juſtice! Oh gentle Juſtice* Crab!
Crab. *Why makes my Croan this doleful moan?*
Who dares affront my beauteous drab?

Wooſſ. *My ſiſter* Redſtreaks *dead,*
Crab. *Is ſiſter* Redſtreak *dead?*
Wooſſ. —— *Ay! ay!*
Crab. *What mortal did the direful deed?*
Wooſſ. *Proud Springal Princeſs made her bleed.*
And ſaid
They cut off Bruines *head,*
Oh! If thou yet canſt priſe?
The Amber *dropping from my eyes.*
If all the Penſions I have paid?
And jobs that thou haſt Gratis had,
Have any dent in Noddle made:
Let None-ſo-fair *thy Fingers feel,*
And all that did my Redſtreak *kill.*
Crab.——From thy dear Chops,
Such Kindneſs drops.
Still ſo much influence from thee rains,
Thou ſhalt command my heart and brains,
I'le pay thoſe ſaucy Princes for their pains,
I'le give them a Poſſet,
Dare make their tricks thus at,
My poor Mother *Wooſſat.*
Little Conſtable,
Come with Painted bauble,
And ſend off the Rabble.
Sumptuous their Throne is, but I'le make a Carr on't,
Crabs word alone is more powerful then Warrant.

Chorus.

Let the ſtripplings and loſſes be luſtily curried,
Ay, and let their good Graces,
To limbo, to limbo, to limbo, be hurri'd.

Wooſſat *and* Crab *fly out, a little Spirit riſes, and beats off the Princes and Attendants.* *Exeunt all.*

Scene

Scene II. *Enter* Nicklas and Phillip.

Nick. What bloody Rogues were theſe ?
And we not run each Mothers Son
Had gone to Little eaſe.

Phil. A curſe on thick Whoreſon with the Painted Rod, Sure 'twas ſome Divel, or ſome God.

Nick. Prince *Phillip*, there was never Knight errant famous without being enchanted ; nor Opera notorious without Gods, and Divels : haſt thou obſerv'd the numerous Caves and Walks, in your dry White Cheeſe.———

Phil. Ay your tickle crack Cheeſe.

Nick. In one of thoſe Cheeſes was a Knight of *Wales* Enchanted Seven years ; and through thoſe dangerous wayes he Travel'd, and deſtroy'd all the Heathen Knights, that like little Vermine devour'd the fat of it.———

Phil. Ah ! miſchief on the Heathen Knights, and the Welch Knight too, they tickled the Cheeſe ſo between e'm, that no goodneſs has been in't ever ſince.—
Yet 'ſpight of Hell wee'l ſearch from Ventures,
Till Nymph diſtreſſed, is freed from Tenters.

Enter Woudhamore *and Sweetlips.*

Woud. Now luck ! Husbands, or ſomthing to eat, we beſeech thee.

Sweet. If they won't have us, let's raviſh them.———Save your Princes, ſtill whining after your Pin-box, are there no more Maids but *Maukin* ?
We might e'r this have got fire out of flints,
Some brinded Wolf, *Phils* Father was, I wot,
On ſome ſhe Rock, relenteſs thee he got.

Woud. My *Niekies* dam was ſome rough Bear,
And Tigre fierce was ſure his ſire,
Oh pity thy deſpairing Trull.

Sweet. O let me buſs my *Phils* fair Gull.

Woud. Cloud not thoſe Lanthorns clipped eyes,
If *Niekie* frowns poor *Woudha.* dyes ; Pity

Pity my heart in loves fire roaſting;
ſuch pretty Bees ſure ſhould have no ſting.

Sweet. Thou little Princox be more mild,
Oh how it joyed me when it ſmil'd.

Nick. Indeed ſweet Ladies, you but looſe your labour.

Phil. You may as ſoon catch a Hare with a Tabar.

Wond. Is it ſo? Lippy we are out. — Gad, we muſt be more brisk; theſe Fellows are for the down-right way.——

Sweet. Courage then, la, la, la, come thou little pouting Villain, I will order thee for thy diſſembl'd cruelty.——

Phil. Bleſs us, what's the matter with the Woman; let me alone.

Sweet. Dam your pettiſh frowns. come here's a Guinny.--

Wond. Since *Nonſies* devour'd by the Bear, 'tis no inconſtancy to chuſe again.——

Nick. That whim won't paſs Madam! we ſearch'd every cranny of the Beaſt, and found no ſign of her.

Sweet. If ſhe lives, you have been conſtant to her too long, for by the new modiſh Articles of faithful Love, 'tis no ſin, nor inconſtancy, to quit one Mrs. or Gallant, for another; as often as you will, ſo you have but one at once. Come, come, a George will gain the Lad, as well as the Lady——here take Money.

Nick. Y'are an inſolent audacious hectoring Pugg, and I'le have you kick'd if you do not leave us preſently. —

Sweet. Come poor Green-ſickneſs Raſcals, they do not kuow what's good for themſelves, let's away with them.

Phill. Help, help, a Raviſhment. —— Y'are a brace of ſaucy foul Mouth'd, Rampant, *Tatterdemalion* Princeſſes, and.——

Nick. And ſo we take our leave,

Phil. Ay, and ſo we take our leave.

Exeunt Princes.

Never were Poor Princeſſes ſo diſtreſſed for Husbands.

Sweet. Princeſs. No, there's no Princely Virtue in their Blood.

Wond. Dam'em a Prince would no more refuſe a handſom Woman, then a Lyon would hurt a Prince.

Sweet.

Sweet. Frozen Joy, Slaves let them be hang'd.

Wond. Hang'd 'gad; and ſo they ſhall for killing mother *Redſtreak*, for all they made the ſilly People believe, 'twas the Bear.

Sweet. Let's give notice to the Officers, and have them ſeiz'd; when they are in durance, their tough ſtomacks will ſoon melt.

Wond. We'l do't,—but ſtay, here's freſh game, he's right I'le warrant, I know by Enter *Jeffery* his leering eye.—

Sweet. Then he's mine, for I ſaw him firſt.

Wond. Another word like that condemns thee.

Sweet. If y'are ſo Tyrannical, I'le ſtroll alone.

Wond. Stay, the ſtripling has ſomething to deliver.

Jeffry. Queen *None-ſo-fair*, (Ladies moſt ſplendiferous)
Intreats you both would come, and dine at her houſe.
And after that great hearts to ſolace,
She'l ſhow you ev'ry Nook o'th' Pallace.
My Maſter loveth her moſt fervent,
I'm *Jeffry* his man, and your Servant.

Wond. Oh Fortune! luck our hopes are melted,

Sweet. Were ever Princeſſes ſo jilted:
None-ſo-fair, a Queen.—

Wond. Let's ſend to Jaylor, or bad news ſpread further,
That ſurly Princeſs may be ſeiz'd for murther.
None-ſo-fair a Queen.—

Jeffry.—True I'le aſſure ye.

Wond. Come Let's behold her Pomp, and eke Luxury,
And let Heroick love be turn'd to Fury.
To Jaylor we'l ſend Porter as we go by,
A Queen! i faith we'l tickle her Toby.

Exeunt

The Scene chang'd to None-ſo-fair's houſe.

Enter None-ſo-fair, Sweetlips, *and* Woudhamore,

Wond. Say no more, the Treat was ſplendid.

Sweet. But where's your kind good man I wonder?
Of all your Pomp let's ſee the Founder.

Non

Non. Stay you here a little tinie,
And I'le go call my loving Ninny:
Love, Honey, Chuck, Duch, ſo hoe, il o ho, ho, ho.

Wond. Our Siſter Queen has an excellent voice to call Harveſt-men to Dinner.——
Oh Croſs, untoward Fate! Ay that thou art!
Muſt ſhe all pleaſure have, and we all ſmart?

Sweet. Like Image on houſe-top th'haſt put her,
And we muſt crawl like Ducks in gutter.

Wond. And ſee her Finery, Oh Rot her!
Such earthen Diſhes, ſuch ſcull Baſon,
Table ſo ſcrubb'd, you may ſee face on,
Such ſhining Platters, Shelves with lace on.
Such Pots ſo ſcour'd with Sand and Whiting,
Monarch had n'r ſuch Kitchin to delight in.

Sweet. Her Man, her Maid, her Dog, her Cat too,
At Dinner dreſſer thump'd like Tattoo:
Strong-bub in Cloſet, and all that too.

Wond. We thought ſhe'ad given Crow a pudding,
And Luxury is juſt a budding;
And we to ſee't muſt come a gooding.

Sweet. I cannot live to ſee this thing long,
A Curſe on Mother *Wooſat*'s flim flam,
Are theſe the Fruits of flattering ſing ſong.

Wond. Well, luck may turn, what's more ficle then chance?
Come let's Club our Sculs, and plot Vengeance,
Her ſtrolling jilting tricks, we'ltell'o
And make her truſty *Roger* yellow.

Enter Bruin, and None-ſo-fair.

He comes i'faith a witty fellow.

Sweet. Oh happy Mauks! if I could reach the rope of her heart, I would ſtarngle her with't.

Wond. A brave fellow! he ſtands like a Tree, and his legs look like *Hercules*'s Pillars.——
I'le ſell my Cloaths from my back,
To buy love-Pouder for his ſake.

Sweet. I'le poyſon my dear Siſter Crack,
E'r I this Gallant thing will lack;
I muſt ſpeak to him Servant Jack.

Wond.

Woud. Hold, when I have ſupp'd with *Margret Trantum*,
With goodly thing you may play Rantum;
Till then ifacks y'are like to wantum.

Bru. Ladies firſt y'are very wellcom; and ſecondly, I hope to give you all content.——
For Siſters ſake my beautious Gipſie,
On whom Prince *Bruin* caſteth Sheeps eye,
You ſhall bouze gratis till y'are tipſie;
On ſtately ſhank reſt tyr'd ham trulls,
And you ſhall ſee my tricks and gambols.
Hiſco ſtiſco whiſco fibribiſco ſoſco poſco, ſeboſco laraſco velaſco, trumdle fundle, bundle hundle, tantarra dundle —— ſurgito ſurgitote.——

The Scene drawn, and many Statues diſcover'd in ſeveral poſtures.

Woud, Olippy what ſtone works here?

Bru. He that looks ſo like a deſpairing lover, is *Peter Whiffle* eldeſt Son of the Counteſs of *Puddle dock*, he eſpouſed the Puiſſant *Landabridas* Queen of Sluts, and hang'd himſelf becauſe ſhe would not wear fine cloaths, and have a Gallant.

Wond. Alas poor *Peter*, I would not have been ſo unkind as Queen *Lamberdas*.

Bru. Thoſe two are Polynicky, Nicampoops, two valorous Princes of Fairy-land; they div'd through Apivel to Hell, for the love of Piſs-kitchin Daughter of King *Eaſiepate*, paſſed through Fire and Water, without ſpoiling their Cloaths or Perriwiggs; and are now good ſufficient Houſekeepers in *Elizium*.——

That's *Rablays*, the grave French Philoſopher, that grew mad with Writing the ſecond part *Tom Thum* in Heroick meetre.

Woud. Well, he did his indeavour, though he miſſed his Province.

Sweet. Oh *Woudha, Woudha.* if this Image were in a warm Bed, I'le be hang'd if I did not fetch life in him, and make him wagg.

Brn. When a house is on fire, the Lame, Sickly, and Lazy, frisk as if they had a swarm of Hornets about them.—

Green Sickness Girle can lift huge trunck,
But Blade with Loves flame scorch'd and shrunk;
Will do much more for charming Punk.
These stones compell'd by Amorous *Bruin*,
Shall Sing and Caper to some *Tune*.
Mark how dull Statue kicks and Winces.
And all for love of *Nonesy* Princess.

Bruin *Sings like a* Walloon, *and Playes on a* Cimball *and all the Images move.*—

Brn. Now you shall hear the Images sing in praise of the most Heroick and Magnificient Sciences of Wenching, and Drinking.——A Ditty fit for Sphears, and Quires of Cupid, when Gods are deaf, and Princes grow stupid.
My dear *Nonesy* set them in the way.——

SONG.

Let Taffy *go seek for his bliss in a Leek,*
And Teag in hot Isquebagh slobber.
Jocky *be doing with Oatcakes and Sowing,*
And sup up their brave Bonny clabber.

Chorus.

But let Misses and Gallants, make use of their Talents,
To be Wise, is to love and be drunk;
For drink, and that same will get you a name,
When your healths and Estates are all sunck.

Let sullen old Men keep their beesom Beards clean,
Let Slaves strive for Honour and Riches,
Let Widgeons *debate our Religion and State,*
And Matrons be sober as Witches.

Cho. *But let Misses, &c.*

Let's

Let's drink and be clapp'd till our Shin-bone sore scrap'd,
And gems deck our faces all over,
Till Palsies and Cramps, make our eyes shine like Lamps,
For such is the true drunken lover.
Cho. *Yet let Misses*, &c.

A Warlike Dance, and then Exeunt all but None-so-fair, Sweetlips *and* Woudhamore.

None. Now Sisters did not I rise with my back upwards met this what do'e call him?——

Woud Ay! what do'e call him indeed? I'le be hang'd if he does not deal with the Divel——Second me *Lippy*.——

Sweet. No, no, the Divel he is n't so good a Scholar, 'Tis some pitiful juggling Jack-pudding, some strolling Tumbler.

Woud. When he grows a little weary of you, he'l strip you, and leave you; nay, say y'are oblig'd to him, for teaching you a modish Trade, by which you may come to keep your Coach, if you have any Fortune.—

None. I won't despair, since the Proverb's on my side, Fools have Fortune, and Cracks have luck,—I can pretend to both by vertue of my Education.—

Woud. If his Highness were true and trusty, why should he hide his Title?

None. Oh say no more, I tremble all over!

Enter Jeffry

Jeffry. Madam great Sisters must be packing,
My Master finds some Trenchers lacking.

Nonsy. How, Royal Sisters grown light finger'd?
Of Princesses was e'r so foul a thing heard;
Richer Goods in house could not be chosen,
Odznigs they cost two groats a dozen.

Woud. How steal your Trenchers? Traps, marry come up here, I find we should pay sauce, if we should sup here.

Sweet. 'Tis not gentilely done Faith Sister *Nonsy*:

Woud. And if we had you out, i'gad we'd trounce ye.

Non. Minxes ceaſe your idle prittle prattle,
And render back my Goods, and Chattle.
Wond. Minxes—a ha—let's give her battle.
Sweet. We'l thump bewitching eyes black and blue,
Put tricks on Daughters of King *Andrew.*
They fight, —— *Enter Bruin.*
Jeffry. Great Maſter comes with arms a kimboe,
Bru. Take filching Madams hence to Limbo
Hence, or thy ſelf ſhalt ſtrait for them go.
Wonda. Muſt we that have ſent Princeſs thither, go our ſelves,
Hear me Juſtice, if there's any;
Let's not be long without company.
Bru. Away with them,
Sweet. As by's own Bull was kill'd *Phalaris*,
W'are ſent to Priſon by *Will. Harris.*
Exeunt Jeffry, Sweetlips, *and* Woudha.
Bru. This was an Intrigue of love and ſtate, poor Ladies,
they ſtole no Trenchers, but I heard Baggages contrive.
To undermine Prerogative,
And to ſeduce if they were able,
My Importance comfortable,
Before I'm weary of Bauble.

Nonſy. To Priſon ſent for filching Trencher-Plate,
When we had none in houſe,
Oh too too late;
I do begin to ſmell a Rat.
Ah wo is me! poor little mouſe.
Bru. Why frowns? my beautious dear,
Thy Forheads muffl'd in black pouts,
Like warlike Steed in Fun'ral clouts.
That did eſtſoons both prance and neigh,
And briskly fell to Oats and hay,
As if he promiſed a fair day.
But ſtrait in black, dog'd maſters Courſe,
My dear looks ſad as morning Horſe.
Nonſy. Poh you prate, and prate, but you don't love me.
Bru. Love thee ungrateful Imp! Ah curſe on thy jealous

Noddle, another word I'le ſqueeze thee like a Cuſtard,
Devour thee without Salt or Muſtard.

Ha, my Princeſs ſniv'ling, who has disbuſed thee, Pydy tell me, if I have ought can give thee eaſe; I ſwear, 'tis thine now by this Cheeſe, the Oath of Gods.

Non. Enough, and if 'tis Truth, tell me thy name, Oh charming youth!

Bru. Heavens! Powers! Oh hold!

Non. Nay, nay, you have ſworn.
I muſt have all the Secrets that are thine.

Bru. Muſt I my Secreteſt Secret then reſign?

Non. Why ſhould you keep your Secret? and yet take mine?

Bru. Prythee *Nonſy* ask any thing elſe?

Non. No, nothing.

Bru. The Devil take me if——

Nonſy. Is this your love? miſerable unhappy Princeſs, perjur'd diſſembling men! before you had me, you ſwore any thing.—You uſe poor Women, as Childrern do Bubbles; you ſpare for no water of Sighs, nor black Soap of Oaths, till you have blown us up with the Reed of your love, and then you caſt us off to break in the wide World.—— Ah! that ever I poor vertuous Lady ſhould live to ſee this day! Oh! ho, ho.

Bru. Well if like a wall-ey'd Hare, you won't ſee right before you, but run into the nooſe, take your ill fortune.—

Non. Ay let me have it?

Bru. Shall I ſpeak?

Non. Ay, ay, I ſay?

Bru. Then I ſhall you ſay?

Non. Odslifelykins, ay I ſay?

Bru. Conſider.——

Non. I'le be hang'd firſt, when did a longing Woman conſider.

Non. What, what, Oh quickly.

Bru. I am.

Non. Heart, blood and bones, what are you?

Bru. Yet be wiſe,

Nan. I will not be wiſe, nor hear, nor ſee, nor ſpeak till I know.

Bru.

Non. Minxes ceaſe your idle prittle prattle,
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Nan. I will not be wiſe, nor hear, nor ſee, nor ſpeak till I know.

Bru.

Bru. I am *Deval.*

Non. Bleſs us all——

Bru. That French Prince of the Padders, that was thought to be hang'd, I have liv'd ever ſince in this diſguiſe, becauſe I would not quite break the kind Ladies hearts, to ſee me hang'd twice.

But now muſt fly for thy folly leaſt I am caught,
And pawn my pretty *Noneſs* for the ſhot.

Exit Bruin, *claps on the Bears skin, and flies over the Stage—*
The Scene chang'd to a Tavern.——

Enter two Drawers.

1. I come, I come, did you call Sir? ha where's the Gentleman that pays the reckning; look to the door *Harry.*

2. What's the matter.——

1. A Crack, a Crack; to pay here in the Flower Pot?

2. Eleven and three pence; a Pox I know her ſhe plies at the *Pageon.*

Non. O gen'rous Youth ſpeak not untruth,
I am a Princeſs of King *Andrews* ſtock in ſooth.——
Right Valiant Knights ſpare my Honour, and do what you pleaſe, but uſe your Victory with diſcretion, for Fortunes Wheel is ſtill turning.——

1. Knights Honour and Fortune, 'gad ſhe's mad.

2. Didſt find any Honour about her?

1. No, no Honour.——If women have any ſuch thing, they hide it ſo cunningly that none can find it. —— *Harry*, thou knoweſt we melted down a Silver Tankard to ſodder up Ciſſes crack'd Honour; let's ſwear ſhe ſtoll it, and clap a ſtrong Houſe upon her back to keep her warm.

2. But firſt let's ſtrip her; come ſtrip, ſtrip.——

1. Ay, ay, this is ſhe ſtoll our Silver Tankard; come ſtrip:

Non. Oh the lovely Prince?

1. How, the Prince? 'gad ſhe ſpeaks Treaſon, lock her up and call the Conſtable—away.——

Exeunt Drawers. *Non.*

Non. Oh my dear Prince, why wouldst thou fly hence, and let thy loving Romp be stripp'd from all her Pomp.
Sure in my mind 'twas much unkind,
To shark away and leave your love behind:
What ever now is thy design,
I'm sure when *Nonsie*'s dead, he'l whine,
Crost love and grief to make an end 'o,
I'le break my neck out at a Window.

King Andrews *Ghost rises Crown'd, and* Redstreak *'with her head in her hand—attended with two Spirits.*

Song.

Oh stay thy foul and bad intent,
Dame chance doth smile and frown,
When heels more high then head are sent,
That's upward that was down,
And None-so-fair *shall have her Bear,*
K. And.——— *Shall have her Bear,*
Redstr.——— *Shall have her Bear.*

Chorus.

And None-so-fair *shall have her Bear,*
And none shall have the sweet Beast but her.
Woosat *will come for, and to chide,*
From mischief fly a main,
For all must obey that are ty'd,
Till they are freed again,
Cho. *And* None-so-fair, &c.

The Song ended, they Vanish.

Non. Why should I fly dear Dad, and eke
Ghost of *Redstreak.*
I've nothing stoll upon my Soul,
Else wou'd I n'r might speak.

Woosat.

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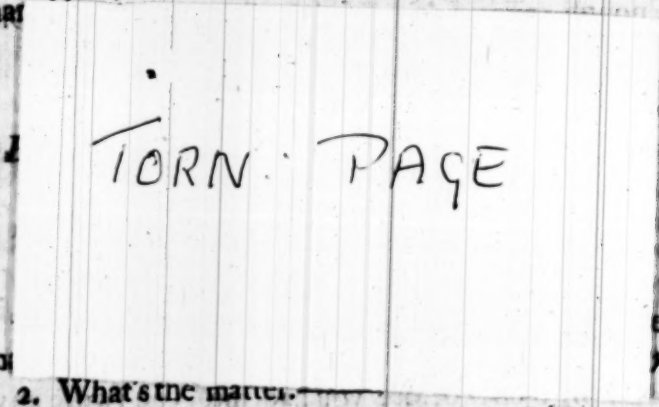

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K. And.——— *Shall have her Bear,*
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And None-ſo-fair *ſhall have her Bear,*
And none ſhall have the ſweet Beaſt but her.
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From miſchief fly a main,
For all muſt obey that are ty'd,
Till they are freed again,
Cho. *And* None-ſo-fair, &c.

The Song ended, they Vaniſh.

Non. Why ſhou'd I fly dear Dad, and eke
Ghoſt of *Redſtreak.*
I've nothing ſtoll upon my Soul,
Elſe wou'd I n'r might ſpeak.

Wooſſat.

Wooſſat *flies down in her Chariot.*

Wooſſ. Dares *None-ſo-fair* with eyes of Cat?
Look on Queen hag the dread *Wooſſat*,
So Impudent not make a Curſy,
Bend ſtubborn hams, or'gad I'le force ye.
Non. What have I done? dread Witch ſhould ſeeking Ruin.
Wooſſ. Debauch'd my Son, my firſt begotten *Bruin*,
Taught envious men to burn my Thatch,
Nail Horſe-ſhoe under hatch.
Nay ſtrove by your enchanting eye,
To be a greater Witch then I.
Nonſy. If Beauty be fault in me, 'tis Heavn's decree,
I do not paint truly, as you may ſee;
He took my pretty thing for his Rantidla,
I did not ask him firſt indeed la.
Wooſſ. Dare's Minx to prate to me ſo proudly?
Thinking to choak my hate with loudy:
No, thou ſhalt never get whole hence,
But to Priſon; *Volens*, *Nolens*,
To dye for Treaſon and Inſolence.

Wooſſat flies away.

Enter Drawers, and Whiſtles.

1. *Draw.* Princeſs, ſo hoe Princeſs!
If you have ought to ſay dear Crack, be ſhort,
Black Guard won't ſtay.
Nonſy. Oh well a day! I muſt away to Pluto's Court,
Oh State of Greatneſs variable!
Oh luck of Princeſs miſerable!

END of the IV. ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A common Priſon confuſed.

A great noiſe heard—Singing, Shreeking, Groaning, Roaring, and Ratling of Chains.

Enter many common Priſoners, among which, Tagrag, Brazennoſe, Tatterd-hoe, Shrubs-hall, Bull-barrow, bringing in the Princeſs and Princeſſes.——

All cry out.—Garniſh, garniſh, garniſh,

Tag. Come, diſburſe, diſburſe.

Nick. As I'm a true Prince, our Exchecquers were rob'd by theſe miſcreant Knights, that brought us to this Fortreſs.

Tag. Strip, ſtrip then, and go like an Eaſtern Monarch half naked.—

Braz. Ay, ay, caſt off ſuperfluous Trappings, they'l harbour vermine to deſtroy the Microcoſm.

Bulbar. Come my dainty Damzels, you muſt pay for Entrance too into our thrice naſty, and right dread Society.

Tag. Skink away, ſheer, drink, do'e hear not a rag of Provaunt, and then we'l have a Song; and after that, erect our mock-Court of Juſtice, and caſt your Deſtinies: Cheer up, if you dye like Birds on Trees, you ſhall be cut down like Flowers, and your Funerals ſhan't coſt you 2 *d.* you'll be intom'd in a Ditch on the publick charge.

Come, a Song, a Song.—Princeſs *Nonſy*, put in y Treble at *Rome*; be a *Roman.*——

Song.

Be jovial, be jovial, each Lad,
Great Dukes of the Dungeon, and Knights of the Pad;
Now the Taylor from hence is,
We are all great Princes.
Let's ſing, let's laugh, let's drink, and be mad.

Chorus.

Along, and along, mirth have it's ſwing,
For older or younger, there's none can live longer
Then Fortune is pleaſed, and the King;
Then let's merrily ſing, and dance in a ſtring,
Then let's merrily ſing, and dance in a ſtring.

This Pallace, and all is our own,
Our lodging's provided, the Rent is paid down.
Every Shop's our Exchecquer,
Each purſe is our debtor,
We alwayes gain who ever's undone.
Cho. *Along*, &c.

The Treaſures the Husband does lend,
Treats on his doxy, we briskly do ſpend.
Ay, and when we are chain'd here,
She ſteals the remainder.
And kindly comes to viſit her Friend.
Cho. *Along*, &c.

A Dance perform'd by Priſoners under Gallos's.

Tag. Now let's Adjourn to our Seſſions houſe, and bring our new Priſoners to Trial.

Exeunt all but Princes and Princeſſes.

Phil. A pox o' your zeeking Ventures, cham as dumpiſh a new ſhrouded Tree.—What courſe muſt we take now?

Nick. Courſe, why I think 'tis better to be freed, and marry the Princeſſes then be hang'd.——

Phil. Why? I think zoo too, but then who muſt be hang'd for killing Mother *Redſtreak*?—— Juſtice muſt be ſatisfi'd.

Giok. Juſtice may be better ſatisfied with Marriage then hanging——for 'tis now the greater punishment.

Phil. Have you any 'Tority vor what you zay?

Nick.

Nick. 'Tority, no but I have reaſon —— is not it better to go to Heaven in a ſtring, then be a Gally Slave, and be chain'd to one ſeat all ones life?——

Phil. Then do thee go to Heaven in a ſtring, and let me be Marri'd.

Nick. Thank you for that, 'faith what a well meaning Fool is this?—I tell thee 'twas not *Redſtreak*, but the Bear we kill'd.

Phil. The Bear—Odzboars 'twas as errant a Woman as my mother, and all the neighbours know ſhe was right.——

Nick. Then ſhe was Enchanted?

Phil. Enchanted! Ah, if this ſhould be a lye, we are bravely ſerv'd.——

Nick. Why may not a Beaſt be turn'd to a Woman; we ſee Women every day turn'd to Beaſts.

Woud. Y'are rightly ſerv'd, for a couple of Dander Nos'd Princes as you are; if y'had Marri'd us, you might both have been King *Andrews* by this time.——

Non. Why has our poor ſneaking Daddy kick'd up his heels? Ah diſmall merry Tragedy, I thought ſomthing would follow when I ſaw his Ghoſt, and heard the Circkets ſing ſo dolefully.

Woud. Your tricks broak his heart, for when he heard we were ſent to Priſon for ſtealing Trenchers; he ſigh'd, eat a great piece of Bread and Butter; and departed as quietly as any ſucking Pig.

The Scene drawn, diſcovers the Court of Rogues with attendants.

Phil. Stint, ſtint, the Cwourtz zet, what muſt I zay Prince *Nick*?

Nick. Why ſay ſhe kill'd her ſelf *volens nolens*, in her own defence.

Phil. Bolens nolens, —— a pox on your *bolens nolens*.——

Tag. Bulbarrow, ſet the Priſoners to the Bar. —— Read their Indictment.

Braz. No, no, let's over-rule that formality, and proceed to Sentence.

Tag. First, for fashions sake, though we have most prudently determin'd to hang them, whatever they can say — ask them the usual question. ——

Shrubshall. —Guilty or not guilty, why don't you answer?

Tag. Give 'em time, I know my face is terrible; for a Judges leering smile is as certain a sign of death, as walking in Sir *John Broads* Exchange all Dinner time, is a sign of an empty pocket; Come Gentlemen Rogues, you that look as sour as small Beer after Thunder; You with the Ember face.

Braz. You stand as if you were doing pennance, for stealing a Pudding out of your neighbours Wives-Kettle.

Tag. Or making Composition for killing your Father, or eating Eggs on a Fasting day, which are equal Crimes among the Learned, —answer, in what shape did thy Friend the Devil appear, when he advis'd thee to act this horrid bloody inhumanity.

Braz. Inhumane, untoward, unhandsom, Brother, inforce, the charge tatter'd ho: unhandsome, unwholesome: — I say unwholesom, for I have believ'd 'twill cost thee thy life; Villanous unlucky *Tagrag.*

Tag. Unlucky, pitiful, most pitiful crime of —— of What's the Crime Brothers? ——

Braz. By my Commission I know not, but that's all one, our business is to Judge, and hang the offenders; let the Crimes alone, if we destroy them, our Trade will be at an end. ——

Tag. Come, confess, confess your Crime, and you shall have the favour to ride to the Gallows in a Coach.

Nick. —Sir.

Bull. —Sir! You must say my Lord.

Tag. Ha, who's that whisp'ring? —Bullbarrow—Sirrah! how darst thou be of Counsel against the King? thou bloated Jewish villain, that dost lye and batten in the Blood of poor Prisoners,

Priſoners, like a Hog in his own mire ?—Dar'ſt thou be of Counſel againſt the King ?

Braz. Againſt the King, a Jaylor would betray the Gods, if Priſoners had Money to bribe him to't, tye him up.—

Bullb. Ah ! I beſeech your good Lordſhips, I only Inſtructed him to give you your juſt Titles, becauſe I know ſeveral have been hang'd for omitting them.—Pray your Honours.

Tag. Sirrah, no more of this,—Hatchet-face, ſpeak you ; guilty, or not guilty ?—

Phil. She kill'd her ſelf, *volens nolens* in her own defence, ask Prince *Nick* elſe ? —

Tag. Ask Prince *Nick*.—

Phil.—Ay—All King *Andrew*'s Houſehold can bear me Concord, I was bred up in the Vear of my vather and mother ſhrubſh : guilty or not guilty.—

Phil. I zay cham not guilty, Prince *Nick* draw'd me in like a young Wench to a Nunnery.—*Volens, Nolens.*

Tag. So, ſo, Prince *Nick* draw'd thee in, and Squire Catch ſhall draw thee out: Come Prince *Nick*, what ſay you Prince *Nick*? ſpeak out Prince *Nick* ; quickly Prince *Nick*, you'r in a fine pickle Prince *Nick*.

Nick. I ſay I am the man that kill'd the Bear, that ſtole the Princeſs ; that broke the heart of King *Andrew*.

Tag. Brave ! this is the Horſe that come of the Mare, that eat the Oats that grew in the Field, that was bought with the Money that *Jack* ſtole.—Well Prince *Nick*.—Bring in the Bears-head there.

The Womans head ſet on the Table.

Nick. Now let my malicious adverſaries hang their ears, and eat one another as hungry Dogs devour dirty Puddings. Behold my Lords ; if this be not the Bear's head, I'm the Sophy of *Perſia*.

Tag. I never met a more Intricate buſineſs, if any here was acquainted with our defunct Siſter, whether Bear or Woman, let them diſcourſe the head.—

Wood. I and my Sister *Lippy* know, this is the head of honest Gammar *Redstreak*, and this we will swear; because those unworthy Princes refused to marry us.

Tag. Gentlemen, your Opinions; is it the Bear's, or the Woman's head? All the Womans the Womans.

Tag. Prince *Nick*! you hear the Sentence of the Court Prince *Nick*!

Nick. The Court's bewitch'd, and the head's enchanted.

Tag. Sirrah! you grow saucy, tye up Prince *Nick*.

Nick. Why may not the Bears-head be chang'd to a Womans, as well as Mambrino's Helmet to a Barbers bason, or a notorious Fellon to your Lordships, let the head deny it if it dares.

The hands list up the head, and it speakes, and then flies up in the Air.

Lament and be sad,
Redstreak is dead;
And here is her head.
Prince *Nick*, and *Phil*,
Did me kill.

Nick. Oh I confess! I confess! pray hang me quickly, least the head should do me some mischeif.

Tag. Take 'em away, I knew this would do, 'tis not the first time Ghosts have appear'd to hang their Murtherers.

Set those she-Monsters to the Bar.

Exeunt Princess *Nick* and *Phil.*

Tatterd. Brother, it grows late, and I have no sweet-meats to nibble on, which I think as becoming the gravity of a Judge, as a Tooth-pick the Solemn State of a Spanish Grandee.—Pray let the Court over-rule all they can say, and proceed to Sentence; for my stomack is maukish.

Tag. Be it so; I'le give directions to the Jury in a wise speech according to Custom, and then we'l adjourn the Court.

Gentlemen of the Jury, it was an Ancient saying among the noble *Romans*, and worthy of everlasting Fame; set the Hares Head against the Goose-Giblets, and 'tis a right worthy custom among those modern *Heroes*: that Collar-

Beef

Beef to put a layer of fat, and a layer of lean, and what is all this for, but to teach us to mix Mercy with Juſtice?—— We are here met together, and for what are we met togeher? to lye (like *Diogenes* lazily) in a Tub, 'till the Sun cures the diſeaſe of State; No, we muſt ſet our hand to the Plough tail, let every one pluck a hair from the thick buſhy Beard of Malefactors, and the Chinn of miſchief will ſoon be bald; as *Poor Robbin* has it in his modern Philoſophy: We have diſcover'd a Waſps Neſt of Hornets to you, 'tis your part to ſet the Brimſtone of Juſtice on fire, and ſmother them with the ſmoak of Correction.— Two are found Guilty, of ſtealing moſt Felonouſly Gammer *Redſtreaks* head from her ſhoulders, ſo much to her Detriment, that ſhe will hardly ever be her own Woman again. — This appears as clear to the eye of reaſon, as if it were written with the Rain-bow on the South wind.

The two eldeſt Daughters of King *Andrew*, of notorious memory are in for ſtealing Trenchers. —You muſt find them Guilty, becauſe We the mouth of the Law determine it; If any grumblings of Conſcience ariſe within yow. The Court over-rules them; *Pſyche* the 2*d*. alſo Miſs *Nonſy* ſhall be freed, becauſe her Predeceſſor *Pſyche* the firſt was, though both (for runing from their Fathers; and practiſing publickly what their Siſters did but wiſh well to) deſerve more puniſhment then they.—Now diſpatch! and as *Socrates* ſays what you do, do quickly?—I read your Sentence in your looks; The Princes have already ſuffer'd, and for your Ladies errant. The Sentence of the Court is, that you never be marri'd, but allow'd the Converſation of all men through a Grate without touching any; to Laſſes of your Complexion, I think this is as bad as drawing Water in a Cieve, or being hang'd in Chains alive; away with them.

Exeunt all but None-ſo-fair. *The Scene changes*

Non. Muſt I for uſing what's my own,
In Helliſh hole be left alone;
With pinches, and pricks of pin,
Be rack'd all day, all night with din? With

With Hempen cord, have great Toe cramp'd,
By Dog of *Newgate* thump'd and ſtamp'd;
By Rogues and Vermine kept from ſleep,
While ſome do roar, and ſome do weep.
Oh *Wooſſat*, harſh, Prince *Bruin* cruel,
To ſneak away from precious Jewel:
Yet in theſe horrours I could ſing,
Had I again my pretty thing.

Song.

Let Beauty triumph o're deſpair,
For none are cruel to the Fair;
The Crooked, the Old, and deformed ſhall be,
From cares and affronts never free;
But the Youthful, the pretty and kind,
In a Priſon ſome pity will find,
For all are to Love, and to beauty inclin'd.

One gives her a Bottle of Brandy, and Sings—this.

Come hither, and take this Bottle of Nantz,
'Twill make mother Wooſſat *ſoon leave off her rants,*
For I know ſhe is one of my Naunts.
Though ſhe's hot as a Codling,
'Twill make her ſtraight Maudlin.
She'l ſip, ſhe'l ſigh, ſhe'l ſwear, ſhe'l ſing, and ſhe'l melt,
She'l kiſs thee, and groan for the pains thou haſt felt.

Chorus.

Alaſs my poor Nonſy *I grieve for thy ſmart,*
For though an old Woman be never ſo tart;
A dram of the Bottle will ſoften her heart.

Song

Song.

Thy Siſters muſt howl, for the Trenchers they ſtole,
And the Princes are in the Pit-hole.
There they ſhall ſtay,
For ever and a day.
But Nonſey *ſhall ſtraight go to play,*
1.——*Make haſt poor* Nonſey,
2.——*Make haſt poor* Nonſey,
Both.——*Make haſt poor* Nonſey *to* Bruin,
1.——*For* Nonſey *ſhall injoy her pretty thing.*
2.——*For* Nonſey &c.——
Both.——*For* Nonſey &c.——
Chorus of all. *make haſt poor* Nonſey.
make &c.—
make —
For Nonſey.

Non. Now I am ſo glad and ſo ſorry, I don't know which Leg to ſet foremoſt.—My Siſters were two crabbed vixons to me, yet their Sufferings put out the lighted Tinder of my joy, but then the Steel of my love ſtrikes new Fire into the Tinder-box of my Inclination, and makes my natural affection glow again; I ſhall injoy my Bear for ever. Oh happy *Nonſey*! — yet this was a horrible merry Tragedy, O lo! the Princeſs, *Nicklas*, and *Phillip* here again!—

Enter Princeſs, *Phil.* and *Nick.*

Nick. No, we are but their Ghoſts.

Non. Their Ghoſts, Oh! 'tis well you ſay ſo your ſelves, for no-Body would believe it from any other,— what makes you come to me?

Nick. We vow'd at our Death's to come, and tell you what place we were at.

Non. Poor loving Ghoſts, tell me quickly then? —

Nick. Immediately after we were dead, we found our ſelves in a Bower; made all of Wiſhes pav'd with thoughts, where ana Table of Heigh-hoes ſat King *Andrew*, and Mother *Redſtreak* at Dinner; they had a *Phœnix* boil'd with a Diſh of love Raptures, and drank nothing but Spirit of Extaſie, we ſat down with them, and Six Gods attended us: after Dinner we ſlept upon a Couch of Virginity, imbroyder'd all over with Kings ſmiles; then walking by a Fountain of Fruition, who ſhould we ſee but King *Andrew* and his Queen at Hey-gammer-Cook in a Grotto of Innocence.

Non. Oh moſt raviſhing delights! but why is *Phillip*'s Ghoſt ſo mopiſh?

Nick. He would have been kind to Gammar *Redſtreak*, and ſhe threw a Glaſs of extaſie in his Chops.—One thing dear Princeſs we muſt intreat of you, that you will ſing that Ingenious Song of the delights of the Bottle three and thirty times, and make as many Curſy's to the Weſt; for till that is done, our Soul's won't be free of *Elyzium*.

Nonſy. Upon my Honour, I'le do't, though I were to give my ſelf a thump in the back ev'ry time.——For example.

Song.

The delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of a drab,
When they pour out their pleaſures will make a man mad.
All the night in deep Healths, and loud Curſes is ſpent,
Which the dull ſilly Fop the next day does repent.
And Love's ſweet debauch in a moment is gone,
But leaves a damn'd Pox to laſt all the life long.

Love and Wine rule the Swords that ſhed ſo much Blood
All the World, but for them, would grow vertuous and good.
Were it not for the Witchcraſts of Wenching and Wine,
Madam,——would be poor, and my Lord would be fine.
But ſhe now keeps her Coach, and can live without thinking,
And damns her Debauch with his Wenching and Drinking.

Nick

Nick. Enough, enough, dear Princeſs; farewel, when thus you do, Think of us two.

Phil. Dear Princeſs, Farewel. When thus you do, think of us two,
For I'm a Ghoſt, though I ſtood ſo like a Poſt.
None. Farewel, two ſuch loving Ghoſts were never found
[—On Engliſh Ground.]

The delights of the Bottle &c.——Oh how I begin to be weary! If this will make Mother *Wooſſat*'s heart chearful? ſure 'twill refreſh me? —Princeſs thy good health, —*Nonſy* I'le pledge thee ſix go-downs, — humming ſtuff upon my honour. Princeſs, where is this ſold Princeſs? Asking queſtions *Nonſy*! —Time's precious: Ah poor loving Ghoſts!——*The delights of the Bottle* &c. You had hard Fortune; but there's one above knows all. Oh my head ſwims! and I grow faint with ſtrength.—My dear Bear farewell.—*The delights of the Bottle.*—— [*She falls aſleep.*]

Enter Bruin.

Bru. Where is my love? where is my dear?
O lemine I think ſhe's here!
Where are thy eyes? thy pretty eyes,
Look how thy love poor *Bruin* cries.
She's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead,
Oh! whither art thou fled?
Oh Mother *Wooſſat*! Oh cruel Death!
Oh! who has ſtop'd thy ſpicey breath?
Oh pretty *Nonſy*! Oh hapleſs *Bruin*!
Oh fie! Oh dear! Oh me! Oh thee! Oh hear!
Thy ſobbing houling Bear.
Oh *Wooſſat* Mother! ſince tha'ſt kill'd my joy,
I will thy Imps and ſucking Toads deſtroy.

Thy Charmes and Pictures all ſhall periſh too;
And what ſo e'r thou doſt, I will undo.

Wooſſat *flies down in her Charriot.*

Wooſ. So Inſolent, why, what a Murrain?
You'l find the ſtink the worſe for ſtirring.
Bru. I will revenge my dear *Noneſee*,
On Juſtice *Crab*, and eke on thee.
What Helliſh Teen? what Deviliſh Ire,
Made thee leave *Nonſey* in the mire?
Wooſſ. For her you did neglect my Trade,
And when to *Wiſhing-Chair* I call'd for aid,
You wheedl'd him to be your Bawd.
Bru. Oh ſave my love! my *Nonſy* ſave,
And I'le for ever be thy Slave.
I'le trot to Carriers ev'ry week,
Freſh Countrey Ware for thee to ſeek.
And when thou haſt'm,
I'le bring thee ev'ry Gallants Cuſtom.
Wooſſ. Pry'thee ſtint thy ſilly talk,
Thou mayeſt as well turn Cheeſe to Chalk.
Bru. Oh my *Nonſey*! Oh my heart Blood and Guts!
Oh ſave my dear! Oh ſave my Queen of Sluts!
Thou ſtony-hearted Witch, is this ſo much?
Think, what fine *Nymphs* I did for thee debauch?
Wooſſ. Thou prat'ſt in vain, the cruel Dye is caſt,
Bru. Oh cruel Mother! whither in ſuch haſt?
I'le ſhow thy tricks, and all thy conjuring Art;
And make thee ride in Triumph in a Cart.
No Gallant e'r ſhall rap at dore,
And without Man, in vain is Whore.
Wooſſ. Th'art inſolent I'le hear no more.

Wooſſat *Enters into her Charriot.*

Bru. Inhumane *Wooſſat* do not run,
And let thy Son be quite undone.

I thee conjure, don't leave her thus,
By thy beloved *Incubus*.
Thy publick Drabs, and private dores,
Thy little Bottles, and great ſcores:
Thy much Impudence, and no ſhame,
By all thy ſports and by that ſame:
Oh ſtay the Cart! ſtay the Cart! ſtay the Cart.

He lays hold, and is drawn up; till he pulls down the Charriot. Juſtice Crab *is driven in, in a Wheel-barrow.*

Bru. O ho, here's Juſtice *Crab*! now by this light,
He'l do me right.
Dear Soul, I beg you'l check the Hag,
And read her a Lecture for abuſing her *Hector*.
Crab. Matron of love, be kind to bauling Imp,
And let him have his am'rous ſhrimp.
If *Hector* be diſgruntl'd, Trade is broken,
He'l make thy miſchiefs known by tale and token.
Redſtreak and the King, you made dye,
And cauſed the Princeſs ſad Tragedy.
Both Siſters ruin'd by your Plot,
If *Nonſy* too ſhould go to Pot.
He'd blaze all this about the Town,
And make thy very houſe pull'd down.
Wooſſ. Shall he have mortal only to his uſe?
When Pomp and State ne'r ſo much bigger?
Can't keep frail *Miſſy* to one trigger:
No, 'tis to credit Trade, and Houſe abuſe;
Beſides ſhe'l eat Bread out of mouth;
I will not ſuffer't, 'faith, and troth.
Crab. Nonſey's buſineſs ſhall be done,
She's mortal, therefore may be wone;
No, *Miſſy* was ever true to one.
Wooſſ. Then *Nonſy* riſe, riſe my ſweet punck;
She ſeemed dead, yet was but drunk.
Riſe from thy Chair as ſoft as Couch,
And turn to Arms of loving Slouch.

None-ſo-fair

None-so-fair *Wakes.*

Non. Wha, wha, what's the matter? who's there? Not guilty, Not guilty my Lord *Tagrag*, High ho, I wish you were all hang'd for waking me. Gods! have I my pretty thing again?

Bru. Thou hast, Oh let me hug and buss it!
Thanks to great *Crab*, and Mother *Wooßat*.

Non. I have, Oh let me hug and buss it!
Thanks to great *Crab*, and Mother *Wooßat*.

Crab. Come jolly lovers, let's be trudging;
I le see you both safe in your lodging.
There kiss and take your fill of dodging:
First to my Hall, for there are coming.
A Crew of jovial youth's a mumming.
So well you shall be treated there,
That ev'ry Youth, and Damzel here;
Shall envy joys of Youth and Bear. [*Exeunt all.*]

The Scene open'd, discovers a Crew of Bachanals *dressed with Ivy, and Vine-leaves, drinking, and laughing: beyond them a company of Lovers adorn'd with Garlands of Roses, &c. in a pleasant Grove.*

Song by the *Bacchanals.*

Time's an old Rascal, he never will stay,
Let in spite of his Scythe, and his Glass;
He that flies from his liquor's an Ass.
Boy, drink away, Boy drink away.

While this is a singing, *Bacchus* rises, riding on a Hogshead dressed with Vine-branches and Ivy.

Song

Song by the Lovers.

While this is singing, *Cupid* flies down on the Stage.

Ah! Charming, Fair, Divine, Ice, Flames & Darts,
Nymph, Goddess, beauties, shrine, O eyes and hearts!
Stars, Suns, and Diomands, Roses, and Lillies,
Damon Alexis! *Oh* Cloris! *Ah* Phillis!
Pow'rs, Gods, and Fates, Oh pity joy, and pain,
Languish alass, Fears, Hopes, Smiles, and Disdain.
Oh cruel Nymph! *Ah unrelenting* Swayn!

Bacchus *sings.*

While this is singing, all the *Bacchanals* come on the Stage.

Come my Sons of the Grape, while your faces outshine
The Sun in the Sky, with the juice of the Vine.
Let the pale whining lover
discover
How sad are the Chains, and how pleasant are mine.

Cupid *sings.*

While this is singing the lovers come on the Stage.

Come happy Lovers, come, and tell,
The joys that in your Bosom's dwell.
The pleasures of the hands and eyes,
How ev'ry look and touch surprize,
Let your perswasive Langnage prove,
There is no Paradice but Love.

Chorus of all.

We come to dye or win the Field,
For hearts with Love and Bacchus *fill'd.*
Can fight, and fall; but never yield.

A Dance of Bacchanals, and Lovers.

A Song by a Lover.

When Cælia *my heart did surprize,*
In an Ocean of grief my fair Goddess did rise,
And like Christal dissolv'd, the tears flow'd from her eyes.
From her beautiful Cheeks, all the Roses withdrew,
And she look'd like a Lilly o'rladen with dew.

How

How ſweet did her ſorrow appear?
How I trembl'd, and ſigh'd, and for every tear,
Made a vew to the Gods, and a Prayer to her,
Oh how ſoft are the wounds we receive from the fair!
But the joys and the pleaſures there's none can declare.

What panting, and fainting, I feel,
When imbracing her feet before Cælia *I kneel:*
Oh how dear are her ſmiles! and how ſweetly they kill?
Ev'ry minute I dye with the thoughts of her Bliſs,
And ſhe breaths a new life in each languiſhing kiſs.

O Love let us ſtill wear the Chain,
Let no Paſſion, but love in our fancies e'r reign,
Let us often be cur'd, and ne'r freed from our pain.
All the pleaſures of Wine to the Senſe are confin'd,
But 'tis Love is the Nobleſt delight of the mind.

SONG. by a *Bacchanal.*

Lovers grow pale, and Beauties grow ſtale;
And their pleaſures end all like an old Winters tale.
But the Beauties of Wine do ſtill ſparkle and ſhine,
And make all that love it, and drink it Divine.

Love makes you old, e'r thirty is told,
But the aged, and cold, become active and bold,
Look as plump, and as brisk as the Grape that's unpreſt,
When their heads with the Spirit of Wine are poſſeſt.

The Clouds open, and from the inner part of the Heaven, deſcends *Jupiter* in his Charriot drawn by Eagles.

Jupiter

Jupiter *ſings.*

Let Love and Wine no more contend,
To whoſe high Pow'rs all Mortals bend.
Before this Aſſembly, where are
The Amorous, the Youthful, and Fair,
Make an end of your long doubtful War.

Chorus. *Why ſhould you quarrel? and fiercely complain?*
All the World is your own, & your Rites would maintain:
But without one another, you neither can Reign.

A Chorus of *Cupid* and *Bacchus.*

Let Hermes *the Herald of Heaven, and Fame;*
The Union of Cupid, *and* Bacchus *proclaim.*

Trumpets are heard a far off, the Heavens divide; and from the furtheſt end *Mercury* flies down attended by Fame, and the whole Heaven appears adorn'd with Angels, *&c.* and Muſick.—

Mercury *ſings.*

To all, and to Singular in this great meeting,
The weighty Gods, Cupid *and* Bacchus, *ſend greeting.*
Whereas by ſome Poets a wicked deſign
Of difference, was raiſed between Love and good Wine.
They now do declare
An end of the War,
And the hearts of all Mortals will equally ſhare.

Chorus. *When Beauties are cruel to baniſh your care,*
From Love to the Charms of Bacchus *repair,*
And when Bacchus *inflames you with too hot a Fire,*
To the pleaſures of Love for aſſiſtance retire.

A Catch ſung in three parts,
and danc'd. By Bacchanals
and Lovers.

Let's love, and drink, and drink, and love, and drink on,
What have we elſe in this dull World to think on?
But ſtill to love, to drink, and love, and drink on?

Let's love, and drink, and drink, and love for ever,
And let each Nymph *be made a kind believer.*
For he that loves, and drinks, will ne'r deceive her.

Enter two *Elizian* Princes, and dance through Hoops.
The Dance ended,
Mercury *ſpeaks to the Audience.*

Although the War 'twixt Love and Wine is done,
We dare not triumph, 'till your pleaſure's known;
For here the very Gods your Powers own.
If all that Love and Drink loud plaudits ring,
The joyful Gods, and Nymphs again ſhall ſing,
Sing.—And *Nonſy* ſhall injoy her pretty thing.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

LIke Cunning Wives to cheat you to your Bliſs,
We took the Garb and Humours of your Miſs.
As gay,—as vain, and ayery we are grown;
And you, as brisk; as young Gallants came on:
And look as dull as they, now th' Act is done.
Since Non-ſenſe, Noiſe, and Show ſtill bear the Bell,
As wiſe Phyſicians do with Mad-men deal,
We humour you, to make you ſooner well.
If this won't take —
Tinſure our future charge, and Credit too,
As undertakers for great Volumes do.
We'l paint your Coats of Arms o'r ev'ry Scene,
And dedicate 'm t'ye to draw you in.
Poor Nonſy *dreading the approaching ſtorm,*
Sits trembling like a Hare within her Form:
While Criticks ſwarm from ev'ry part o'th'Town,
Prepar'd with Damning noiſe to run her down:
She fears no Gen'rous Hunters, for they come
Only for ſport, and would prevent her Doom.
She fears no ſnarling Fops, though ev'ry foot,
Like eager Lovers they will put her to't.
Still hunting cloſe, and ſnatching at her Scut;
No, only ſneaking Poachers, ſhe can dread;
That with their long-tail'd Mungrils hunt for Bread,
And lurk in holes to knock her on the head.
You Gentlemen that for your pleaſure came,
Let not thoſe creeping Vermine kill your game:
Give her fair Law, and while in view ſhe flies,
Your ſwelling hopes and ſweet delights will riſe:
But when you paunch her, all your pleaſure dies.
Keep up your ſport; and to prevent our ſorrow,
Save her this night, and run her down to morrow.

Now

A Catch ſung in three parts,
and danc'd. By Bacchanals
and Lovers.

Let's love, and drink, and drink, and love, and drink on,
What have we elſe in this dull World to think on?
But ſtill to love, to drink, and love, and drink on?

Let's love, and drink, and drink, and love for ever,
And let each Nymph *be made a kind believer.*
For he that loves, and drinks, will ne'r deceive her.

Enter two *Elizian* Princes, and dance through Hoops.
The Dance ended,
Mercury *ſpeaks to the Audience.*

Although the War 'twixt Love and Wine is done,
We dare not triumph, 'till your pleaſure's known;
For here the very Gods your Powers own.
If all that Love and Drink loud plaudits ring,
The joyful Gods, and Nymphs again ſhall ſing,
Sing.—And *Nonſy* ſhall injoy her pretty thing.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Like Cunning Wives to cheat you to your Bliss,
We took the Garb and Humours of your Miss.
As gay,—as vain, and ayery we are grown;
And you, as brisk; as young Gallants came on:
And look as dull as they, now th' Act is done.
Since Non-sense, Noise, and Show still bear the Bell,
As wise Physicians do with Mad-men deal,
We humour you, to make you sooner well.
If this won't take —
I insure our future charge, and Credit too,
As undertakers for great Volumes do.
We'l paint your Coats of Arms o'r ev'ry Scene,
And dedicate 'm t'ye to draw you in.
Poor Nonsy *dreading the approaching storm,*
Sits trembling like a Hare within her Form:
While Criticks swarm from ev'ry part o'th' Town,
Prepar'd with Damning noise to run her down:
She fears no Gen'rous Hunters, for they come
Only for sport, and would prevent her Doom.
She fears no snarling Fops, though ev'ry foot,
Like eager Lovers they will put her to't.
Still hunting close, and snatching at her Scut;
No, only sneaking Poachers, she can dread;
That with their long-tail'd Mungrils hunt for Bread,
And lurk in holes to knock her on the head.
You Gentlemen that for your pleasure came,
Let not those creeping Vermine kill your game:
Give her fair Law, and while in view she flies,
Your swelling hopes and sweet delights will rise:
But when you paunch her, all your pleasure dies.
Keep up your sport; and to prevent our sorrow,
Save her this night, and run her down to morrow.

Now

The Epilogue.

Non-ſo.—*Now to the Miſſes, thus poor* Nonſy *bends,*
To leave no ſtone unturn'd to gain our ends.
You She-Weavers, that without lawleſs Engines, come;
Engines—
That like dark Lanthorns lurk in little Room,
And manage twenty Shuttles with one Loom:
While honeſt Lab'rers that can uſe but one,
For want of work lye ſtill, and are undone.
Let all your Tools be ſtirring for your Aid,
Or we will burn your Engines, and deſtroy your Trade.

FINIS.